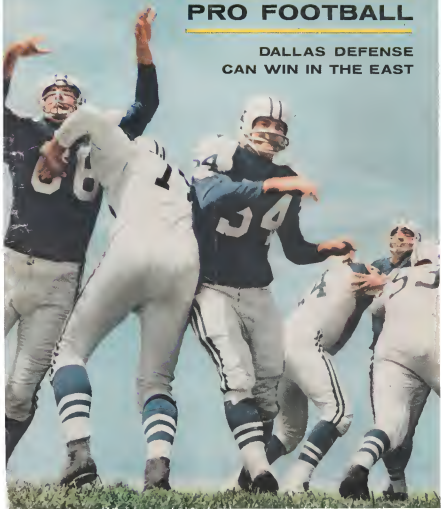


Sports Illustrated

SEPTEMBER 9, 1963 25 CENTS

PRO FOOTBALL

DALLAS DEFENSE
CAN WIN IN THE EAST





ONE OF THE WORLD'S GR

Kicking a ball around was probably Man's first team sport. There is record of ball-kicking games played by ancient savage tribes of Incas, Polynesians, even Eskimas. And in Ireland, the game of Football goes back well over 2000 years. On these pages you can follow the interesting evolution of Football from early times to the game as we in America know it today.



Oriental Football, played over 2000 years ago, was a game of the nobility. Those quaint Japanese "uniforms" were strictly traditional, but far from efficient. Lu Yu, a famous Chinese poet, spoke glowingly of the game in the 3rd Century B. C.



Calcio, the Italian Football of the 16th Century, was played amid pomp and ceremony in the town's central plaza. Tests were set up at both ends of the field where exhausted players dropped in to refresh themselves with wines and sweetmeats.



Soccer is the most universally played sport in the world today. Crowds of 100,000 are commonplace and, in the hotly-contested international cup matches, victory is considered a matter of national honor, and standout players are truly national heroes.



Harpaston, a Rugby-type game, was the ancient Greek's way of keeping himself fit. The old Romans, too, carried, passed or kicked a ball across goal lines and they called it "Follis." Mention of ball-kicking games is also found in Biblical literature.



Futeballe, a truly wild game with no rules, was played in the crowded streets of 13th Century London by men, boys, and even women, with a hundred or more to a "side." Because it interfered with archery practice, many kings forbade the sport.



Rugby, the granddaddy of American Football, also gave birth to such other games as Canadian, Australian and Gaelic Football. Rugby is still played in schools and universities in countries around the globe. England is still the hub of this old sport.



Early American Football, a combination of Rugby and Soccer, was played with none of today's safety equipment. A thick head of hair was considered ample protection. "Elevens" were often 25 men, as in the first Princeton-Rutgers game in 1869.

AT GAMES... ONE OF THE WORLD'S GRI



Modern American Football, a game that is played harder, faster and more skillfully than it was before the turn of the century. The handful of spectators of those days has since grown into sellout crowds at both college and pro football games, with countless millions more watching the furious action through the magic of the television screen.

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SHOPWALK

A GLOSSORIAL GUIDE TO A SPORTING FALL

The strong sporting influence found in all men's and women's fashions this fall brings with it a whole lexicon of names for sporting attire. The names sound of horses and stables, of guns and fields—names such as surcingle, Newmarket and gille—which have been handed down by Scottish and English country men through 200 years or more. Many of them, like the articles they describe, have been gathering dust on fashion's shelf for quite a while. But this fall the names



PAISLEY ASCOT, WATCHING VEST

have been brought out and polished off again to label new versions of the old accoutrements of sport, one more proof that the past is worth preserving. They are presented here in glossorial form as a guide to the necessities of the season.

ARGYLE The tartan of the Argyll family branch of Clan Campbell is made of diamonds instead of check patterns—and this uniqueness probably accounts for all sorts of people, Clan Campbell or no, being attracted to the Argyle design. The tartan readily lends itself to knitted articles, and has been a popular sports sock and sweater design for years. This fall Byford is importing a wide range of men's Argyle-patterned socks from England—\$4 for full hose, \$3.50 for ankle-length. And Catalina has used a similar pattern in handsome wool-and-mohair cardigans for back-to-school wear. They are \$18.

ASCOT The dandy's cravat got its name at the Ascot Heath races in the 1870s. Since then, while still worn on extra-formal occasions, it has also turned up as a piece of sporting apparel, worn by both men and

women with blazers, sweaters or shirts. The Ascot appears in a new role (illustrated left) matching a lady's pussy-silk waistcoat that will show up under this fall's tweed and flannel suits. Ascot and vest combinations are being produced by F. C. Dobbs, Ltd. and cost \$17 the set.

CARDIGAN The Earl of Cardigan, a cavalry commander in the Crimean War—as a relief from the high, stiff collar of his military jackets—wore, off duty, a buttoned, collarless jacket, and that was the birth of the cardigan. The buttoned, collarless sweater has become the golfer's favorite—you do not have to pull it over your head when it gets warm. One of this fall's best-looking men's cardigans is made of camel's hair, by David Church. It is \$35.

CHUKKA This light, ankle-high boot was worn originally by polo-playing British Army regulars in India. The boot got its nickname from the word for a playing period, "chukker." Today chukka boots are found in all sorts of leathers, are popular for campus and country wear. Clarks of England calls its chukka, of suede, the desert boot. It costs \$14.

DEERSTALKER This close-fitting cap with visor front and back for keeping out the Highland rain is worn for stalking deer, funnily enough, or by Sherlock Holmes while stalking crime. Thomas Begg, a New York hatter, makes one this season for men and women who need not stalk anything to wear it. It comes in checked wool and costs \$6.50.



HACKING JACKET, BOLOLY CHECKED



INVERNESS COAT—IT REVERSES

FEDORA This soft, easily shaped hat took its name from a similar hat worn by the heroine of an 1882 French drama by Sardou. Today, tweed fedoras with rakish brims, as illustrated on page M4, by Herbert Johnson (Bond Street) Ltd for Brooks Brothers, \$14.50, are replacing the Tyrolean velours for wear with country clothes.

GILLIE In fashion language, a gillie is a tongueless shoe with laces that crisscross over the instep. It takes its name from the "gillie" or huntsman of Scotland, who wears the shoe on the moors. The Duke of Windsor popularized the design by wearing it in the



SLIP-ON KILTIE

"30s. As accompaniment to the warm stockings and tweeds of this fall's fashions, Golo has brought back the gillie for ladies in a warm shearling-lined, oiled-leather version. It costs \$16.

HACKING The hacking horse is a pleasure horse, and hacking is a word used to describe clothes one wears for pleasure riding. It also describes many of today's sports clothes inspired by riding tack. The hacking jacket is more fitted, wider-skirted, deeper-vented (for comfortable seat in the saddle) than the traditional sports jacket. It is the newest popular cut in fall sports jackets for men.

continued



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SHOPWALK (continued)

The one in the illustration on page M2, in a bold district-check Shetland, is from a wide selection made by Saint-Laurie, Ltd. The jackets cost \$65. In suits, they are \$100.

INVERNESS In the 19th century a caped coat was developed for shooting on Scottish moors. It had no sleeves—to give freedom for shooting—but it had double protection from the cape over the shoulders in that rainy climate. Today an Inverness is most often a sleeveless coat with cape attached, such as the one illustrated. This coat has many virtues: both coat and removable cape reverse from a Glen plaid to gray flannel. It is \$80 at Peck & Peck.

KILTIE The fringed tongue, which flaps like a skirt over the instep of a shoe and covers the laces, gives this shoe its name. It was devised by a caddy Scot to keep the sand and wet grass out of his golf shoes. This year the kiltie appears for country wear as well as golf in a slip-on version by Johnston & Murphy (see page M1). The cost: \$35 a pair.



NEWMARKET BOOT

LOVAT This is a color—a heathery mixture of colors, actually, mostly blue-green-rust. It was devised by an early Lord Lovat, who had to decide to match the color of the autumn landscape around his estate to serve as hunting clothes. This was one of the first uses of human camouflage. And it influenced the uniforms of the world's military. Lovat is one of this fall's most popular colors for men's and women's country togs.

NEWMARKET Cording and Co. Ltd., a London firm, made up the first Newmarket boots in the 1890s as waterproof protection for racehorse trainers and farmers and named them after the famous Newmarket training grounds. The outside shell is canvas, the inside leather, with rubber sandwiched between. Miller's, a New York harness shop, has the original Newmarkets (\$72 for men, \$68 for women). A new version made of rubber and canvas costs \$20 for men, \$18 for women. The one illustrated above has a black-patent midgird. It is by

Golo and costs \$23. It is perfect for sloshing through wet country anywhere or for comfortable wear at frosty football games.

NORFOLK In the 1880s the Duke of Norfolk, devised a belted hunting suit that had box pleats of the same fabric over each shoulder. These served as extra support for bellows pockets full of shells. There was also a central inverted box pleat in the back for shooting freedom. The design of the Norfolk has had its moments of popularity with American men, particularly in the early 1900s. This fall, once more, it is back as the most sporting of sport jackets (see Sporting Look).

RAGLAN Lord Raglan, British commander during the Crimean War, converted a service blanket into a cape-like coat as a shield against wet weather. He had lost an arm at Waterloo, and the garment, for him, was much more comfortable than stiffly tailored military overcoats. The design was further perfected and developed into a coat in which the seaming of the sleeves, instead of being set in at the shoulder, extended to the collar line (above). The design has been used ever since, particularly for rainwear and sporting topcoats, which are often reversible. One of the best of this fall's raglans is in sand-colored whipcord, lined in a bright tartan. It is made in England by Drway



FEDORA, RAGLAN



SURINGLE—HOW A BELT

Weathercoats, Ltd., and it costs about \$95.

SURINGLE This is the name for the girth of a racing saddle, often made of strong webbing, striped in the colors of a stable. The webbing, the leathers and the braves have been adapted for belts worn with riding breeches. And now the suringle is one of this fall's best-selling sports belts—for polostrans as well as equestrians. The one illustrated (above) is from Camerbury, an American firm that has its suringle belts made for them in England. They are \$4.

—JULIE CAMPBELL AND PAUL STUWART

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Next week

RUSSIANS AND ROYALTY will both be on hand as top racing yachtsmen from all over the world gather on Long Island Sound to determine who is best at sailing a \$25,000 boat.

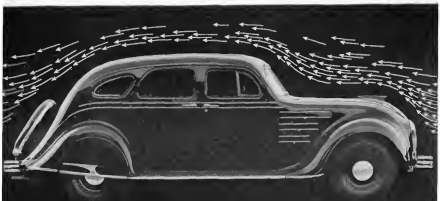
THE CHIEFS, quondam Texans and AFL champions, start the pro football season. Dan Jenkins talks with the medicine men and travels with the team from Kansas City to Denver.

A GOLD-TINTED weekend finds the 2-year-olds running for \$350,000 in the richest horse race and four champions fighting for a \$50,000 first prize in the World Series of Golf.

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SCORECARD

EMANCIPATION

Though his official golf earnings for the year come to \$64,445, and side money probably brings the total close to \$75,000, Tony Lema confessed the other day, en route to Tokyo, that he is as broke as the day he went on tour. "But," he added, "I'm free."

He is free of a contract with Jim Malarkey, wealthy Oregon and Idaho sportsman, one that gave Malarkey nearly a third of Lema's earnings, both purses and perquisites. The contract was one of a series that started in 1958 after Malarkey had seen Lema play and concluded he had the stuff of greatness in him. In the ensuing years, Malarkey says, he backed Lema to the extent of as much as \$21,000 a year, never less than \$16,000, and saw no substantial returns until the end of 1962, when Lema suddenly began to justify Malarkey's early vision.

"It was a great thing for me," Lema conceded, "knowing that I had his backing." But he implied, too, that there comes a time when a fellow wonders whether he is playing for himself or for someone else.

"I'm starting out again broke. I've played all year for nothing," he said, implying that to buy up his contract, he had had to pay Malarkey all but a trifle of his winnings. He won't be broke long. He is off to Tokyo for a television match, Shell's *Wonderful World of Golf*, against Chen Ching-Po. On his return he will play in the \$125,000 Whitemarsh Open in Philadelphia and the \$70,000 Sahara Invitational in Las Vegas.

SOMETHING PRACTICAL

With Labor Day gone, it is not too soon for the prudent to start a Christmas shopping list. Right at the top should go a doodad turned out by the Ampex Corporation. It is a television tape-recording system for the home, and you can buy it from Neiman-Marcus in Dallas for \$30,000. Not too extravagant, when you consider that in the past Neiman-Marcus' catalogue of choice gifts has offered a stuffed tiger for \$1 million, a His-and-Hers set of airplanes, and a genuine Chi-

nese junk. Of them all, though, we would take the Ampex TV tape-recording system, known as the Signature V.

Here are some of the things you can do with it. You can leave home after setting a timing mechanism that will automatically record a prizefight, baseball game or whatever while you are away. On your return you can play it back. You can watch one football game live while taping another, a must for New Year's Day.

There is more to the Signature V: a color TV receiver, record changer, AM-FM tuner and a leatherbound instruction manual. If the V has one weakness, it is in videotaping color TV, which comes out black and white on the tape. Ampex is working on that problem right now.

EVEN MORE PRACTICAL

Sheikh Khalifa Ben Salaman christened his new 104-foot yacht *Gazal* in Holland the other day. A pleasure yacht for the finance minister of the oil-rich sultanate of Bahrain is in itself not remarkable. What is remarkable is *Gazal's* closed-circuit-television fishing system. The sheikh had it built so that he can loiter about in his air-conditioned stateroom and watch, on the TV screen, the floats of his fishing rods bobbing along in the water outside. When one of them bobs under he dashes out and reels in.

HOW THE BALL BOUNCES

It is not something we have always wondered about, but the National Federation of State High School Athletic Associations reports a study which reveals that in one basketball game the ball bounced 1,692 times. In dribbles and bounce passes, one team bounced it 912 times, the opponent 639. Officials accounted for 79 bounces, and the ball itself, after going out of bounds, accounted for 42 bounces. The team that bounced the ball most often won.

READ AND GROW FIT

The President's Council on Physical Fitness has taken a leaf or two from the Royal Canadian Air Force, which a

few years ago published a couple of booklets on basic exercises—one for men, one for women—and found it had a rampaging bestseller on its hands. More than a million booklets were sold, and a \$1 edition combining the two was put on the U.S. market last year and has sold almost as well.

The Council's booklet, *Adult Physical Fitness*, covers both men and women and is pretty much of a piece with the Canadian publication in that the exercises are largely similar and are graduated to fit one's present physical condition. But it is cheaper (35¢) and, we think, better illustrated. It also includes a self-testing technique by which you can check your progress and illustrates some isometric exercises. You may get yours by writing to the Superintendent of Documents, U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington 25, D.C.

BRAQUE'S BIRDS AND BILLIARDS

The most famous modern painter after Picasso, Georges Braque died in Paris last week at 81. No delicate esthete, throughout his career he maintained a deep interest in nature and a zest for



boxing, swimming, boating, hiking and cycling. One of his companions during his military service in 1901 remarked that he had the physique of an athlete. In 1944 he began his famous series, *Billiard Tables*, the first of which hangs in the Museum of Modern Art in Paris and has been called "unquestionably one of the pinnacles of French art."

The picture above is the bird Braque did for the ceiling of the corner room of the Henri II wing of the Louvre. In the Louvre the bird is surrounded by cherubs and more traditional designs, and the new art on the famous ceiling makes for an interesting contrast in styles.

"Nature acts on me practically without the slightest control," Braque once remarked. He had a passion for pebbles, rubber plants, dried corn, thistles and

continued



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SCORECARD continued

the pink shells of crabs with nature's own design. But his interest in birds exceeded all these. "The bird," he said, "is the summing up of all my art—it is more than painting." And he would never sell his *Grand Oiseau*, taking it back and forth from his studio in Paris to the one at Varengeville in Normandy.

MONEY MAN

To the brightly-lit names of Mackey Mantle and Arnold Palmer, who earn or win a staggering \$100,000 in a single sporting season, add the unblazoned name of Fred Lorenzen. Lorenzen has just climbed into the ranks of big-time money men by winning \$93,820 racing stock cars, and he seems sure to pass \$100,000 before the season ends. He says he is aiming for \$125,000, over and above sideline earnings from endorsements, speeches and half a grand here and there for merely appearing in a race. Even after paying his Charlotte, N.C. garage (stock car racers split from 40 to 60 percent of their winnings with their mechanics), Lorenzen at 28 has plenty left for himself.

A former carpenter from Elmhurst, Ill., Lorenzen so far has won only five races, but he has finished in the money 14 times. With such consistency, he already has won almost twice as much as Glenn (Fireball) Roberts, NASCAR's previous richest racer.

DADS IN THE RAW

The notion that a proper father should be a pal to his son is as widespread as it is impossible. No small boy would stand for having the old man hanging around all the time, yapping about obscure oldtimers like Tris Speaker and Rabbit Maranville. But a meeting ground does exist. It may be observed at present in England's Yorkshire Dales at a place called Scargill House. Every year for the past five years, fathers and sons have been getting together there for a week.

They climb rocky cliffs, squeeze down caves and ride horses, though the fathers are mostly middle-aged professional and business types who are not too used to this sort of thing. As unaccustomed hands grasp ropes and clumsy boots scabble over rock and both father and son admit that they are afraid, mutual understanding and respect are developed. "The thing is," explained a plump pathologist parent, "no father can back

out of those awful rock climbs or else his son is chided by the others because his old man is chicken. I've been here before with my boys, and the benefit has been obvious. Nowadays, if I snap at my wife after a tough day, my sons come to see me when I've cooled down and say, 'Father, you're being hard on Mother.' I take the hint and family unity is preserved. This is because the boys have seen my strengths—I hope—and my weaknesses. They know me."

The boys themselves admit that "seeing old Dad way up there" when they come to a tough spot in a climb is "sort of comforting."

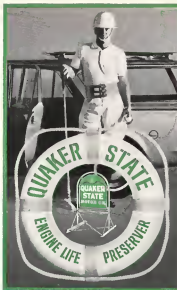
As for the Rev. Dick Marsh, warden of Scargill House, he wears no rose-tinted spectacles about fathers. Generally speaking, he holds they have abdicated their responsibilities and "it is time for them to take the lead again." This might be the way to do it.

A FOR AUSSIE EFFORT

The Aussies had a time of it last week on Long Island Sound. Sturdy Bryan Price of Adelaide masterfully swept the world 5-0-5 title from an impressive international fleet. That was in Larchmont. Farther east, in opulent Rye, two stony-broke lads from Newcastle wallowed well back in the ruck of the international Star class North American championship fleet. It was still all right with skipper Grahame Engert and crew Tim Owens. They were just awfully glad to be there at all.

Engert had won his tiny (10-boat) fleet elimination back home on Lake Macquarie. In the brief, undistinguished history of Aussie Star boats, that should have been it. Hang up the trophy, period. But Engert, 33-year-old pilot of a Newcastle harbor tender, desperately wanted to go on to the big U.S. races this summer as training for his ultimate goal, the Tokyo Olympic Games. His fiery determination stirred Newcastle (pop. 235,000). Someone organized a Grahame Engert Star Class World Championship Appeal. The appeal, sanctioned by His Worship, The Lord Mayor of Newcastle, held raffles and the like, and managed to get two plane tickets—with precious little cash to spare. Then a shipping line offered to freight the boat, which Engert had built himself, to New York, and a local Rotary Club stepped in with arrangements to have the sailors met and billeted in the U.S. With a happy exchange of Rotary flags and boomerangs, the pair eventually

continued



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GENERAL ELECTRIC



SCORECARD *continued*

landed at Rye. "But when we saw the beauties here," said Engert, "I could have crawled right under my own and hid." The sleek, custom-made Stars, the fittings, the keen competition, were all awesomely impressive.

But not overwhelming, for it is impossible to break the Aussie spirit. This week Engert and Owens intend to race in the world championships in Chicago. To get there, the pair spent practically their last bob on a '52 Mercury, which they got for \$50. "It has automatic transmission," said Engert happily. "We got the lot, it's better than the one I've got back home. We'll get to Chicago, all right. We'll kill them."

One way or another, we bet they will.

WORKHORSE

It may well be a record in modern Thoroughbred racing: Shannon's Hope, a 7-year-old gelding racing in the leaky-roof circuit of New England fairs, won five races in eight days, three of them on consecutive days.

The fairs do not resemble Saratoga or Santa Anita—jockeys get a basic fee of \$11 a mount, \$26 for winning, \$16 for second, \$13 for third, and the purses are for \$500 or so. But Shannon's Hope did himself proud nonetheless. First, he had an \$11.80 win, at the Weymouth, Mass. fair, then moved down the South Shore to the Marshfield fair, where three days later he won for \$15.60. He missed the next day but then put together three straight for \$4.80, \$4.20 and \$5.80.

A CNEER FOR HOLLER

A star of Baltimore's championship team in the All-America Amateur Baseball Association Limited Tournament this summer has been Charles Holler, who plays third base. He has a lot of fans pelling for him to go on to stardom with the San Francisco Giants, whose roster includes Chuck Hiller and Tom Hiller, thus creating the possibility of a Hiller-Holler-Holler lineup.

THEY SAID IT

• Duffy Daugherty, Michigan State football coach, on why he installed a pool table in his house: "It's mainly for my kids—I want them to have the same start in life I did."

• Mrs. Jeannette Baldwin, wife of Driver Ralph Baldwin, speaking of Hambletonian winner Speedy Scot: "I would have kissed him—but he bites." **END**



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A SUCCESS IS KILLING

Futile pursuit of the rich and heughty Yankees has long been a baseball trademark, but now there is a true crisis. Suffering at the gate has finally caught up with suffering on the field

by WILLIAM LEGGETT

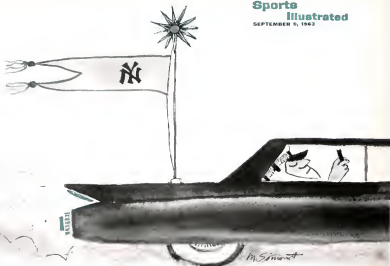
During the past month Joseph Edward Cronin, that normally happy handshaker who rose from the sandlots of San Francisco to the presidency of the American League, has been walking around with a face that is longer than Candy Spot's. There is anxiety in Mr. Cronin's league. There is confusion. There is, in fact, crisis. And the crisis is a result of nothing more complicated than an excess of Yankee success.

This is hardly a new problem in the American League, but never has Yankee domination been at one and the same time so obvious to the fans, in the esthetic sense, nor so damaging to the club owners of the league in dollars and

cents. Last week the Yankees were gliding along, a dozen embarrassing games in front of their alleged opposition, with both Mickey Mantle and Roger Maris resting on the bench. Yet the Yankees were the only team that could draw anything resembling a crowd at the gate, alone accounting for nearly 40% of the American League's total attendance for the month of August. Hardly anyone blames the Yankees for building themselves into such an attraction, for winning so often and so well. But a 10-team league that exists on the drawing power of one team, a league whose pennant race so quickly turns into a dreary farce, can hardly be expected to long endure.

Last week evidence was everywhere that the situation in the American League had reached the danger point.

In Washington's 45,000-seat District of Columbia Stadium last Thursday 2,161 people sat in 80° temperatures to watch the Senators play the Minnesota Twins in a doubleheader. The roar of the crowd was reminiscent of the sound of moths stomping on glass. The Detroit Tigers, hottest team in the major leagues, averaged fewer than 8,500 people for five games even though the home-town hero, Al Kaline, was putting up a splendid fight to win the batting championship. Kaline, tied with Boston's Carl Yastrzemski at .323, said, "I hope I hit



THE AMERICAN LEAGUE

at least .330. If I don't I'd rather not win the batting title. If the batting champion wins with a .318 or .320 it makes the league look bad."

Kalene, of course, could never make a league look bad, but some of the towns he has been performing in are starting to look as if rigor mortis had set in. The Los Angeles Angels, ushered into the American League's expansion program just three years ago, are struggling to reach 800,000 in paid admissions, while their National League landlords, the Dodgers, will probably draw 2,500,000 in the same ball park. Cleveland, with the healthiest franchise in the majors 15 years ago when the Indians attracted 2,620,000, may not make 750,000 this season. The Senators themselves are filling their new \$23 million stadium to only 20% of capacity, the same stadium that

the Washington Redskins, for many years the doormats of the National Football League, will fill to 85% of capacity this fall. Everything, of course, is out of whack in Kansas City, and the bloom may be off the rose in Baltimore.

The Baltimore situation has not yet reached the state of true crisis but the signs are ominous. "It's not that we are having a poor race in the American League," said Oriole President Lee MacPhail last week. "The truth is that there is no race." Jack Dunn, MacPhail's administrative assistant, said in disgust, "I used to think that the league couldn't get along without the Yankees, but now I'm starting to think we'd be better off without them."

The Orioles' attendance last year slipped to 790,254, the lowest in the club's nine-year residence in Baltimore.

This was a dismal seventh-place team, and MacPhail worked and traded hard during the winter to convert it into a contender. He built a solid infield and garnished his attraction with Luis Aparicio, one of the American League's most daring players. The Orioles got off to an excellent start, presenting their public with a team good enough to rise to first place and to stay there—for two weeks. But now the Orioles are struggling to finish a distant second, and a projection of their attendance figures through the end of the season indicates that they will be lucky to draw 820,000—a minuscule increase of 30,000 over 1962.

The trouble in Baltimore, in Kansas City, in Cleveland, in Los Angeles, in Washington is that there exists a feeling of apathy toward the American League itself. Of course, when the Yankees go

continued

to Kansas City they draw crowds like 31,000, and when they go to Los Angeles perhaps 42,000 may turn out. But when Washington goes to Kansas City, there is disaster. A holiday crowd of 15,000 is exceptional; the norm is more like 4,500. Even New York City is getting bored with Yankee success, particularly such absurdly easy success, and Yankee attendance this year will fall off, too, nearly 100,000 from 1962. There is growing resentment everywhere. This year, more than ever before, people are saying things like, "No one tries to beat the Yankees," "The American League is a married man's league," "How can a team lose Maris and Mantle and be better than it was in 1962?" "How come there are eight teams playing better than .500 ball in the National League and only four in the American League?"

A few years ago the argument that the National League was better than the American League was confined to a relatively small group of "insiders" but today the evidence of that superiority is almost overwhelming. Of the nine players traded from the American League to the National League in 1963 five have dropped in batting average, one was farmed out and another waived. A notable example is Pete Runnels, the two-time American League batting champion who hit .326 in Boston last year and is currently hitting .233 for the Houston Colt .45s. Dick Stuart, on the other hand, hit .228 and 16 home runs in 1962 for the National League Pirates. He is now hitting .260 for the Red Sox and leads the American League in homers with 35. This is all part of an established pattern that sends the performance figures of ex-American Leaguers tumbling upon exposure to the National League, and finds ex-National Leaguers reveling in unaccustomed success when given a chance to play in the American.

Bill Vecek is one of those who believe the Yankees themselves are to blame. "The greed of the Yankees," said Vecek last week, "has brought baseball to a dangerous position. They mesmerize the owners in the meetings, and their players do it on the field." Scoffing at the lack of competition, Vecek continued, "The American League is made up of four divisions. The Yankees by themselves are the first division. Chicago, Minnesota and Baltimore are the second division. Cleveland, Boston, Kansas City and Detroit

are the third division. Los Angeles and Washington have the fourth division to themselves."

Los Angeles, a team that finished a surprising third last year, is no longer surprising, and the Angels are causing the American League real concern. By playing in Walter O'Malley's Dodger Stadium the Angels have no identity. The situation has deteriorated to the point where the Angels are beginning to wonder if they shouldn't move into that historic horror, the Los Angeles Coliseum. And then there is the one-team West Coast schedule problem. "That trip to Los Angeles is murder," says Cal Griffith, president of the Minnesota Twins. "There has to be another team in the state of California to build up a rivalry for the Angels in the American League like the Dodgers and the Giants have in the National. It costs too much to go to the Coast for one game."

Joe Cronin's office already has blocked out a tentative schedule for 1964 that includes Oakland in the American League. Cronin also has charted a schedule that would include inter-league play with the National League, but the National League wants no part of that.

Anywhere is better than here

The Kansas City Athletics want to go to Oakland. Well, the Athletics themselves don't really want to go to Oakland, but their owner, Charles O. Finley, does. In the past Charles O. Finley has wanted to go to Dallas and to Atlanta as well. This ambulatory urge stems from nothing more complicated than Finley's desire to find a bigger ball park in which to play the Yankees nine times a year (the KC ball park seats 32,500, while a new Oakland park would seat 55,000—and nine times 20,000 equals quite a few dollars). But the people of Kansas City have been antagonized repeatedly by Finley, and they do not sympathize with his problems at all. They point out that he has failed to promote the Athletics, and one year he even cut the *Kansas City Star*, the town's leading newspaper, off from any sources of information about his team.

The American League may be stepping on some important—and sensitive—toes if it allows the Athletics to forsake Kansas City. Three U.S. Senators—Stuart Symington and Edward Long of Missouri and James Pearson of Kansas

—have been closely watching the situation. Their mailboxes overflow with irate letters from constituents who maintain that Finley is doing everything possible to sabotage the Kansas City franchise. Senator Long conducted a survey of the Kansas City baseball situation last year and deduced from that survey that Kansas City was supporting the Athletics quite well, thank you, considering that the A's had never finished higher than sixth. He also deduced that Owner Finley was remiss in dealing with the chambers of commerce in surrounding towns. Senator Long also just happens to be a member of the Senate Subcommittee on Antitrust and Monopoly. Congress has several times refused to back a 1922 Supreme Court decision that baseball was a sport and not a business, but baseball's executives still lose sleep worrying about the possibility that the matter might one day come up again.

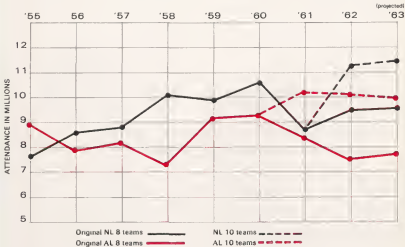
The situation in Cleveland is confusing, and some say the apathy in that city is caused by the fact that the Indians have had a recent history of jumping off to a good start and then collapsing. But the favorite argument of baseball executives is that the city of Cleveland itself has had a mad march to exurbia and that it is too difficult to stay in town to see a game. On August 17, however, baseball's argument was swamped under a shower of dollar bills when 83,000 people appeared in Municipal Stadium on a bleak, rainy Saturday to see a professional football doubleheader—and an exhibition doubleheader at that. Obviously, the people of Cleveland still support an attraction, and if they are presented with one, they will push the barbeque routines aside and come to town.

Beneath the sore surface of American League franchise trouble another infection has begun to gnaw. At the next major league meeting, Griffith and Tom Yawkey, the president of the Boston Red Sox, will come out strongly against the share of money going to the New York Yankees from CBS-TV's *Baseball Game of the Week*. These broadcasts, seen on Saturdays and Sundays except in blacked-out major league cities, put an added \$500,000 into the Yankee bank account on top of the \$1.2 million that the Yankees already draw from their local sponsors. CBS-TV has a contract with the Yankees for all their Saturday and Sunday home games, and the network can use them whenever it wishes. The other

AS NATIONAL LEAGUE ATTENDANCE CLIMBS, THE AMERICAN LEAGUE WILTS

Graph below compares American League attendance since 1955 to that of the National League. Once ahead by more than a million, the American League has seen its crowds steadily dwindle. Expansion in 1961, in which two new teams and a total of 194 more home

games were added, offered only temporary relief. The National League's original eight teams have consistently outdrawn their American League counterparts and, since 1962, when the National League expanded, too, the trend has become even more marked.



American League teams are invited to appear hardly at all.

Of the 47 games scheduled by CBS this year, 31 are American League games and 24 of these involve Yankee home appearances. Visiting teams do not draw a dime from these telecasts. Bill MacPhail, vice-president of CBS Television Sports and the brother of Lee, says steadfastly, "We use the Yankees most of the time because they are the biggest draw. We get a lot of letters saying that the name of the show should be *The Yankee Game of the Week*, but the Yankees are the draw. This year NBC-TV had a Yankee game one weekend and, although they usually aren't too close to us in the ratings, they popped way up on that game. The Yankees are the team that people want to see and anyway it is up to the American League to do something about distributing the money. That certainly isn't my business. I'm buying a product—the Yankees—and I shall keep buying

them as long as they are the big draw."

When you consider that the Senators get roughly only \$300,000 for local TV rights to their games, it is not hard to imagine what an extra \$500,000 does for the Yankees. It does things like getting a Tom Tresh, a Jim Bouton, an Al Downing, a Joe Pepitone.

The time has now arrived when the other American League teams must take steps to obtain their own share of the Treshers, the Boutons, the Downings and the Pepitones—and the answer is to build themselves up to the Yankees rather than tear the Yankees down. The first gesture, however, may have to come from the Yankees themselves, a gesture that would involve carving up that extra \$500,000 television pie. In the long run this would be to the Yankees' advantage, of course, since they must present something of a contest in order to attract even TV fans.

The next step for the American League is to formulate and execute a plan that

would give the bottom teams a distinct advantage in the selection of young player personnel, a plan based perhaps on the draft systems used by the professional football and basketball leagues. These involve only college athletes, but baseball is fast approaching a related dependence upon colleges for its young players. Now that the major leagues are trying so hard to discourage large bonus payments, the campus may soon be the primary source.

Finally, Joe Cronin should assemble his most compelling arguments and go hat-in-hand to the National League to beg for interleague play. There is nothing really wrong with the American League that Willie Mays, Sandy Koufax, Henry Aaron, Warren Spahn, Maury Wills and Don Drysdale can't cure.

As with any crisis, there are only two ways out: recovery or death. It is time that the American League began to shake things up. And fast.

END

TROTTING'S WONDROUS SCOT

He had already shown his power and fleetness, but now, unexpectedly, he was called on by his driver to display that ultimate quality of a great horse, courage under pressure

by KENNETH RUDEEN



The finest spectacles in sport are those contests in which great champions win greatly, and in all trotting history there may have been none finer than last week's Hambletonian. The wondrous Kentucky bay, Speedy Scot (above), triumphed. That was expected. But he did so only when forced to draw upon his last reserves of heart and sinew. That was not expected.

Speedy Scot, trained and driven by an artist at his calling, 47-year-old Ralph Baldwin, had been favored to destroy his 13 rivals in two swift heats. Instead he was roughly challenged by a chestnut named Floris. Tuned to concert pitch by another craftsman, Harry Pownall, 60, Floris astonishingly captured the first heat from Speedy Scot in world-record time for 3-year-olds (1:57 3/5) and then gamely fought the big bay from

starting gate to finishing wire in Speedy's two winning heats. That Speedy Scot trotted the second mile in 1:58 and the last in 1:58 2/5, equaling the old Hambletonian record after two savage heats, gives an inkling of his class.

But in other ways, too, the \$115,549 Hambletonian was an event of rare purity. It was blessedly free of press-agentry and image-mongering. Baldwin and Pownall both possess the old homely virtues of hard work and plain speech. They train for people of pride and principle: Baldwin for the Van Lennep of Castleton Farm in the Kentucky Bluegrass, Pownall for Roland Harriman and Elbridge Gerry's Arden Homestead Stable of Goshen, N.Y. The Hambletonian, first among the world's trotting races, is further blessed with an ideal setting amid the lovely greenery of Gene and Don

Hayes's state fairgrounds at Du Quoin in southern Illinois. Some outlanders grumble over Du Quoin's remoteness from big-city airports. Let them. As long as the Hayeses have it, The Hambletonian will be worth the trip.

Consider one additional bit of evidence. Joe O'Brien, the silver-haired trainer who has twice won The Hambletonian (with Scott Frost and Blaze Hanover), had a hard spill in a race in Chicago two weeks ago. He fractured his right hand and smashed a knee. Joe has an ornery but fast filly named Star Act. Convinced she had a chance in The Hambletonian, Joe appeared at Du Quoin on crutches. On race day he picked up one line with the broken hand and, in acute pain, eased the damaged leg onto his sulky. Joe had post 13, which meant he started from the third

position in the second tier—a handicap that even the best horses rarely overcome. Moreover, he was away poorly in the first heat. He started his watch at the starting line and, finishing fifth, stopped it at the wire. According to Joe's watch, Star Act trotted that mile in 1:57 1/5—two-fifths faster than Floris' winning time and equal to Star's Pride's alltime record for a race.

On in tight-lipped agony went Joe through the second and third heats, although he believed the first mile had taken too much out of Star Act for there to be any real hope of victory. He was last in each dash, but he held on to the lines, and he finished. That is the kind of passion—not too strong a word—that makes The Hambletonian the race it is, that made last Wednesday perhaps the race of them all.

So extraordinary are the Joe O'Briens and Johnny Simpsons and Del Millers at pointing a chancy dark horse for such a prize that they contribute much to The Hambletonian's appeal. They are like hair-trigger pistols that might go off and shoot down the favorite—as in 1961, when Miller's fabulous cripple, Harlan Dean, driven by Jimmy Arthur, was the winner.

But as the largest of all Hambletonian crowds, 41,980, went out to the fair, few seriously believed Speedy Scot could be beaten except by himself. After all, he had won 19 of 25 races and \$182,000 in his brief career and probably would have taken the rest but for breaking gait in those races. When in mid-August he blithely won the Yonkers Futurity, the first leg of trotting's Triple Crown, despite breaking, he had the look of the first Triple Crown horse since O'Brien's marvelous Scott Frost (1955).

At the Castleton barn, Frederick Van Lennep, owner of the Kentucky showplace with his wife, the former Frances Dodge, was cheerfully confident. Italian horsemen who had at first attempted to buy Speedy Scot had now shifted their sights to Speedy's young sire, Speedster. Van Lennep chortled, explaining that the son would be a perfect replacement. "They'll let us have one bucket and buy the well," said the Van Lenneps' breeding manager, Woodford Lewis. Baldwin, a notably unflappable man, was as calm as ever.

Frances Van Lennep did not go to Du Quoin. She is an astute horsewoman,

well known as a breeder of both saddle and trotting horses and a champion of the Kentucky persuasion in harness racing, but she was apparently a little on edge and preferred to escape the tensions of the race. Much, indeed, was at stake. A victory by Speedy Scot, who is out of Speedster's first crop, would add to that stallion's already considerable value. As a homebred, Speedy Scot is a special favorite. And, as a Kentucky-sired colt, he was clearly the one to break the near monopoly enjoyed for a decade by the immense Hanover Shoe Farm of Pennsylvania. Hanover stallions had sired eight of the previous 10 Hambletonian winners. All Kentucky loyalists would be pleased to toast a Kentucky winner in bonded bourbon.

Floris was perfectly acceptable, of course. His sire, the Arden Homestead's Florcan, actually stands at Castleton. The thing was, he was supposed to be second all the way, not first in the first heat and second in the summary. With Frank Ervin's excellent filly, Cheer Honey, off form because of a virus attack and sniffing oxygen to perk up, Floris and a spookable screwball of a horse named Glidden Hanover seemed to be Speedy Scot's only serious opposition. As programs fluttered in the stands to stir Du Quoin's typically salty air a bit, Speedy Scot left the starting gate from the favorable third post and Floris from No. 7. Floris left like an X-15 and had reached the quarter mark in 28 seconds flat before spectators began to appreciate that he looked exceptionally fit. But when Speedy Scot brushed nicely up the backstretch and went to the top in the turn, nearly everyone, including Ralph Baldwin, concluded that heat No. 1 was the boy's.

True, Floris was coming on awfully fast in the last hundred yards. But surely Baldwin would get a little bit more out of Speedy Scot and win comfortably. No, sir. Floris kept coming. As Pownall in his orange and blue silks and Baldwin in his maroon and gray ones flailed their whips, it was Floris by an unbelievable neck.

Under the intense sun Baldwin's normally ruddy complexion turned a worried magenta. "He just outtrotted me there," Ralph said.

Pownall, Brooklyn-born and still possessed of the pell-mell speech of his native Williamsburg neighborhood, was

as surprised as anyone, but for the moment he was not letting on. "Give him an alcohol rubdown," he instructed a groom. Wiping his streaming forehead, he slumped down upon a bench. "I had to go outta there. That's the only chance we've got to get a position. When you get to the top you take back, and then the other guy has to go. From the half on I've got a nice journey. I used him at the start, but I know I've got horse left. When I tapped him at the head of the stretch he dug in, and at the end he was going all he could."

Pownall, who is famous for his patience with young horses and his ability to get them going with little or no extra equipment—loose weights, boots, etc.—then made a small revelation. Floris, he said, could not get around the turns on half-mile tracks very deftly. Since he had been mostly on the small tracks so far this year, he had not looked the trotter he really was. Now at Du Quoin, on a mile track, . . .

In the deciding heats Pownall again left swiftly, and in each case Baldwin tucked Speedy Scot in behind Floris; in each case Speedy Scot moved out from the rail near the homestretch and went ahead. When Pownall failed to catch up in the second heat and Floris was beaten by three-quarters of a length, Baldwin probably felt the third and race-winning heat would be his. But he was not smiling until he took the last—by a widening length. By racing eighth, third and fifth, Simpson's filly, Elma, was third in the final ranking.

When did Baldwin believe he had the last dash won? "At the head of the stretch," said Baldwin. "But I thought that in the first heat, too."

The Arden Homestead's Ebby Gerry was equally flabbergasted. "I thought Floris would be doing well to do 1:59," he said afterward.

Because of that first sensational mile, The Hambletonian really had two winners. They can't take that 1:57 3/5 away from Floris; he is a world champion. But even so, Speedy Scot is the better trotter. He is one of the great ones. Baldwin believes he may someday have a crack at Greyhound's absolute record (set in a time trial) of 1:55 3/4 for the mile. Until then, the Triple Crown will do. The third leg is raced at Lexington, Ky.'s famous "Red Mile" on October 4. Speedy Scot is going to win it. **END**

And There Goes the Whole Weekend

Photograph by Phil Burt



There is absolutely no reason to throw the entire Labor Day weekend irretrievably out to sea, along with a variety of expensive lures. Nevertheless, every year more than half a million wet, cold, frustrated and deliriously happy surf casters leave their dry, warm homes to do so. They are sneered at by wives, beset by dogs, lifeguards, bathers, policemen and other surf fishermen onto whose turf they have blundered. Despite oceans of money spent on equip-

ment (\$150 for a decent outfit), no one ever catches anything. Near the big cities, where many insist on fishing, an occasional striped bass wanders along, but generally nothing more attractive than a surly skate or baby stingray shows up. A typical case is that of Robert Martin (below) of Los Angeles. He netted nothing from the bizarre cast shown here, more or less aimed into the surf at a place with the appropriate-sounding name of Point Dume, Calif.



BIGGEST, LOUDEST SHOW IN U.S. SPORT

The main event of the Grand American Trapshoot in Vandalia, Ohio draws 2,500 entries, ranging from cocky teen-age kids to wheelchair veterans

by VIRGINIA KRAFT

For 50 weeks of the year Vandalia, Ohio is a sleepy mid-western town tucked beneath the wing of nearby Dayton. Its population is 6,342, its major industry is selling gas to motorists going elsewhere and its mood is lazy. But at the end of each summer, for nine days in August, Vandalia undergoes a startling change. From every corner of the U.S. and Canada—from big towns, small towns, cities and hamlets, by car, plane, train and trailer—more than 10,000 men, women and children pour into Vandalia. They disrupt traffic, clean out the shelves of grocery stores, jam the streets and fill the normally quiet air with a steady rumble of noise. The peaceful citizens of Vandalia love every minute of it.

Since 1924 Vandalia has been the home of the Grand American, the biggest, most important, most prestigious





Photograph by Richard Meek

event in the sport of trapshooting. Permanent highway posters at the boundaries of the city announce this fact; the week of the roaring Grand, bunting and flags along the main street boast of it; and the townspeople themselves wear their pride in the sport like a bright badge. Vandalia schoolchildren follow trapshooting the way other youngsters follow football or baseball. The heroes they worship and whose autographs they collect are not Jim Taylor or Stan Musial but Roy Foxworthy, Steve Barringer and Milton Youngs—men who have won the highest prize in trapshooting, the Grand American Handicap.

This championship, the climactic contest of the nine-day Vandalia program, is the ultimate prize for every shotgunner. Because there is so much prestige attached to it, the Grand American Handicap draws more participants for its single day of shooting than any other sporting event in North America. This year an unprecedented 2,327 shooters—the 10th year in a row that the number of entries exceeded 2,000—took part.

There were doctors, mechanics, schoolteachers, corporation executives, housewives, salesmen, clerks and cattle ranchers. Some of the competitors were from the wealthiest families in the country; others have never had any reason to file their income tax on the long form. Predominantly, the shooters were men, but women—with and without children—were strongly represented. Dressed in everything from figure-hugging stretch pants to maternity blouses, they kept up a fast pace on the firing line.

Many, like Mrs. Punkin Flock of Miami, who broke 192 clay birds out of 200 to take the Class A Ladies' Championship for the second year in a row, were as efficient at rustling up hamburgers on makeshift portable grills as they were at shattering targets. This ability to carry out the double role of gunner-camper was particularly valuable to those who stayed right on the Grand American grounds. In a vast compound behind the east traps more than 500 gaily colored tents sprang up in assorted shapes and sizes. And as the week wore on, it was not unusual to find a woman cleaning the barrel of her shotgun one moment and rinsing her lingerie the next.

Along the firing line itself parents hastily exchanged baby-sitting chores as a father's squad stepped down and a mother's was called up. Many a toddler dozed peacefully under the stands, and one young mother arrived at the line pushing before her one baby, two shotguns and four boxes of shells, all carefully stacked side by side in a stroller.

continued



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GRAND AMERICAN *continued*

Not all the youngsters were content to sit by and watch. Many of the teenagers, and a few who were even younger, got into the act, too. More than one adult shooter would have been just as happy if the competing kids had stayed at home. With their quick reflexes and relaxed attitude on the firing line, the teen-agers tend to put heavy pressure on their adult rivals. This pressure increases sharply when an old and experienced gunner finds himself in a head-to-head shoot-off with a cocky adolescent who not only expects to win but often does. The frustration of such defeat has been known to lead otherwise peaceful men to express themselves in words not always fit for the ears of children (*Kerp That Damned Kid Away From Me*, 51, Aug. 14, 1961).

The youngest competitor at this year's Grand American was 11-year-old Frank R. (Bobby) Finsel of Dubuque, Iowa, who stood all of 4 feet 7 inches tall and weighed a hearty 74 pounds. But size is no more a drawback than youth, as Bobby proved when he won the Iowa State Handicap a few weeks ago. At the Grand American, Bobby was not so successful: he only came in seventh out of the field of 2,527.

The Grand American Handicap has been won twice by 14-year-olds: the first time in 1930, by Rufus King of Wichita Falls, Tex.; the second, in 1954, by Nick Egan of New York City. This year's doubles championship was won by a 16-year-old, James De Filippi Jr. of Oglesby, Ill.; and a 15-year-old New Madison, Ohio girl named Laura Louise Mote won the Ladies' Clay Target Championship of America on the third day of the program by breaking 197 targets out of 200. Asked how she became such a remarkable shot, Laura Louise looked faintly surprised. "I've been hunting for years," she said (lay translation: "since 1958"). The apparently easy victory made her a formidable contender for the Grand American Handicap.

No woman has ever won the handicap, nor has it ever been won twice by the same shooter. But the fact is that anyone (a number of entries even fired from wheelchairs) who shoots trap with some skill and is in good practice has a chance of winning the most important prize in the sport. This circumstance, as much as the prestige and sizable cash purse that accompanies it, is responsible for the tremendous popularity of the handicap.

There are other reasons, not the least of which is the efficiency of the Grand American operation. Every one of the more than 24,000 members of the Amateur Trapshooting Association (the number of people who actually shoot trap in the United States and Canada is considerably higher but many do not register with the ATA) has a record of his shooting performances on file at the ATA headquarters in Vandalia. Every time a member takes part in a registered shoot, whether it involves 100 people or ten, the score he fires is sent to tournament headquarters in Vandalia and recorded in his file. At the end of the year a full-time ATA staff averages his total performance, adjusts his official tournament handicap on the basis of this average and sends him a card on which his current yardage is stamped.

In most competitions, trap is shot from five positions each located 16 yards behind the machine that tosses day targets into the air. In a handicap event, however, depending upon his most recent annual average and the handicap assigned him by the ATA, a shooter must fire anywhere from 18 to 27 yards behind the trap.

A thousand rounds to qualify

In order to compete in the Grand American Handicap, a shooter must qualify by firing at least 500 regular targets and 500 handicap targets in ATA shoots during the previous year. (If he has failed to shoot the required targets he may still take part but he automatically will be handicapped at 22 yards or higher.) When he arrives at the Grand his records are checked, his handicap is verified and he is classified at a specific yardage from which he will compete in all but regulation 16-yard contests for the rest of the tournament. Before each handicap event he is assigned to a squad of shooters with yardages comparable to his own.

In theory this is simple, but when more than 2,500 shooters show up for the same event it becomes a monumental task of bookkeeping. To handle it and the entries, scores, records, files, 44 traps and the million and a half shells used at the Grand, the ATA employs a staff of 200 with a payroll for the nine-day period of \$60,000.

Part of the staff and many of the shooters who come each August to Vandalia are oldtimers who can look back

continued

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on two and even three decades of Grand Americans. This year was the 33th for 74-year-old Chuck Hinkley of Aurora, Ill., and it was the 25th year for so many shooters that the ATA issued a special emblem to them.

For 61-year-old Albert G. Kees of Richmond, Ind., there had been 14 other visits to the Grand, all of them exciting but none successful. This year it was different. In the waning hours of the long day, after more than 2,000 people had already fired, Kees—who is known by the misleading nickname of Blind Al—stepped up to the 21-yard line and broke 100 straight targets to take the biggest prize of them all.

Besides collecting \$8,000 first money, Kees was the seventh man in the 64-year history of the Grand American Handicap to win it with a perfect score. Only once before had such a score been shot from a distance greater than 20 yards. It was only the third time in his entire shooting career that Kees, a foreman in a phonograph record-pressing plant, ever shot 100 straight. The two other triumphs were both from 16 yards.

But this was Albert Kees's day, and no handicap—distance or anything else—was going to stop him. On his 94th bird, a broken target was thrown from the trap. When this happens, a shooter may refuse the bird and wait for another one. But if he fires—either on reflex or for fear of throwing off the hair-fine timing of the sport—the bird is considered legal. It is then up to the shooter to hit some part of it. Kees chose to fire. Swinging the scarred, nickel-steel barrel of his 32-year-old Winchester Model 12 at a minute particle of the broken target, he exploded it in a puff of smoke.

"That's why we call him Blind Al," said one of Kees's friends from the Richmond Trap and Skeet Club. "We line up the curs after dark and shoot targets for practice in front of the headlights. Al can break those birds when nobody else can see them."

When it was over, quiet, gray-haired Blind Al, one of the oldest men ever to win the Grand American Handicap, summed up his remarkable skill with a sentence that carried charming echoes of the confidence of his teen-age rivals. "You feel like you can shoot," he said in a quiet, somewhat awed voice as a crowd of almost 10,000 pressed about him, "when you have lived with a gun all your life."

END

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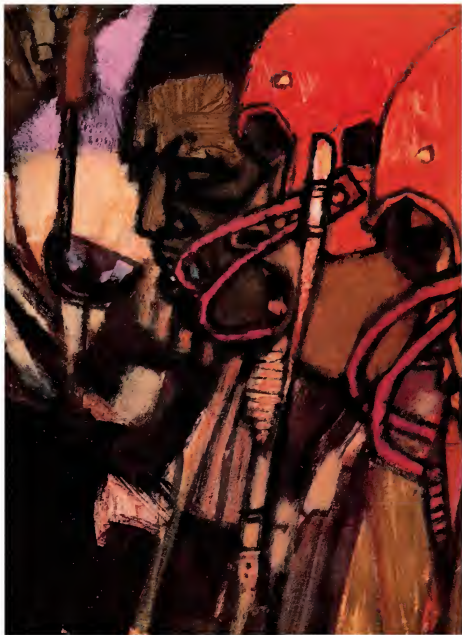


Pro Football 1963

The men look like play-toy manikins from a seat high in the stands, and the thunder of their conflict is lost in the noise of the crowd.

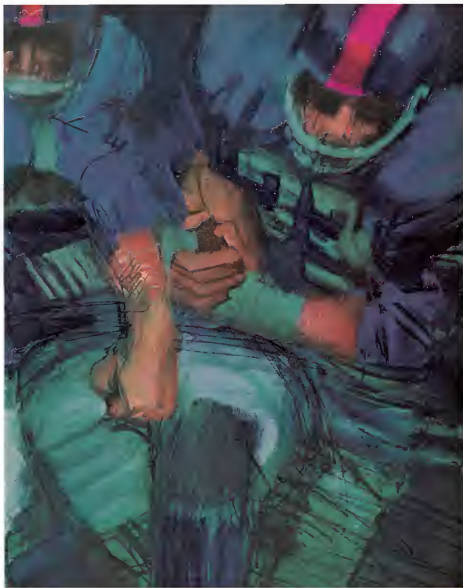
But seen from field level at the sidelines, these same men are gargantuan; there one hears the sounds of battle—the heavy thud of flesh on flesh and the shouts and cries of combatants in violent physical contact. On the next nine pages Artist Bob Peak brings to life the closeup color of professional football. Here is the way the players see and feel the game and here, too, is how they look when they play it. It is a ballet of bulky elephants—bruising, yet curiously graceful and always expressively serious.

On the bench the big men sit quietly tense, waiting and thinking of action past and action to come.

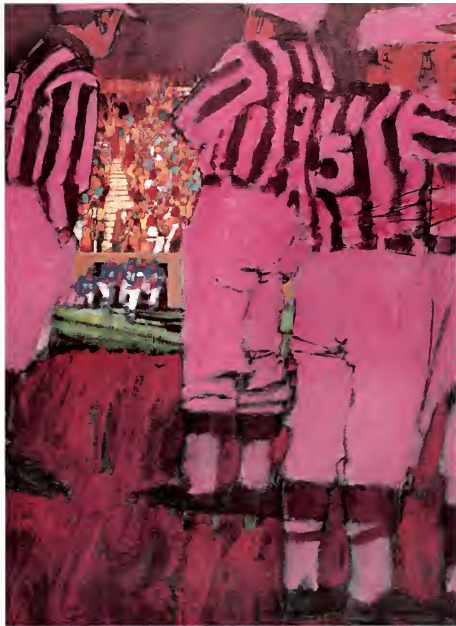




One thousand pounds of determined man



and an air-filled leather ball move toward enemy territory, soon to be met by an equally determined defense.





Relaxed officials chat while awaiting the start of the second half. There is a curious quiet in the arena as the first team streams out of the dressing room. Soon the battle will again be joined, each team testing the adjustments made during the conferences between halves.



At the moment the ball is snapped, the battering bulk of opposing linemen meet head on like bulls



in mortal combat, igniting a violent human explosion.



One week's contest is over and, hooded against the cold of evening,



the teams trudge off the playing field, tired and silent whether in victory or defeat.



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THE COWBOYS CAN RIDE HIGH ON BETTER DEFENSE

Only one team scored more easily than the Dallas Cowboys in 1962, but only one team was more easily scored upon. To keep fans interested, Coach Landry concentrated on offense for three years. This year he should come up with an adequate defense, and the youngest club in the Eastern Division may very well be the best

BY TEX MAULE

The Dallas Cowboys (see cover), in only the fourth year of their life as a professional football team, should win the Eastern Division championship of the National Football League—despite the fact that in 1962, with one of the league's best offensive teams, they finished fifth.

This seemingly meager accomplishment by the high-scoring Cowboys actually is proof that one of pro football's soundest and most intelligently operated franchises is on or ahead of schedule in its quest for a league championship. In the past the Dallas weakness has been defense. Now that weakness is being corrected, not so much by reinforcement as by a process of maturing power.

The club that represented Dallas in 1962 bore little resemblance to the hastily assembled group of rejects and cast-offs the Cowboys were forced to accept from the league in 1960. Only four of the original 11 on the 1960 offensive team remain, and only two of the

1960 defensive starters. Since the Cowboys were admitted to the league after the annual draft of college seniors, they began competition without the benefit of a rookie crop. The Minnesota Vikings, a team that began operation in 1961, had the same kind of player pool the Cowboys drew from, plus the draft. The Cowboys, in effect, started playing in the NFL with a 15-yard penalty on the kickoff.

It is remarkable that the club did as well as it did in 1962. If, as seems likely, the team wins the East this year, it will be the culmination of a remarkably rapid climb to competence. Most of the credit for the rise of the Cowboys is shared, equally, by three men: Texas oil multimillionaire Clint Murchison Jr., who owns the club; General Manager Texas E. Schramm (Texas is his given name, not his nickname), who operates it; and Tom Landry, a Texas-born graduate of the University of Texas, who is the head coach. These three men make up the

backbone of a smooth-running organization which rivals the New York Giants—operated by the Mara family—in closeness and efficiency.

Aside from providing the money to buy the franchise and a necessarily generous operating budget, Clint Murchison assisted in the development of the club primarily by leaving its operation in the hands of Schramm and Landry. When Cleveland Owner Art Modell fired Paul Brown, one wry guess at his motive came from another longtime owner: "Modell bought himself a \$4 million toy and Paul wouldn't let him play with it." While Murchison's franchise will certainly cost him more than \$4 million before it begins to earn a profit, he has shown no inclination to play with it. He makes a point of not intruding on either Schramm or Landry. He is very seldom seen in the comfortable, modern Cowboy offices, other than to sign checks. Murchison is a quiet, withdrawn man whose main hobbies are skin diving and

continued



NFL EAST *continued*

underwater movies; he spends much more time under the sea with his camera than he does at Cowboy training camps. He is an appreciative, friendly owner, but not an obtrusive one. Murchison has in abundance the one other quality needed to fit him for pro football proprietorship: a bankroll and the ability to lose large sums of money with equanimity. Once last year, watching an exhibition game between two other pro football teams, he turned to his companion and grinned. "I'm really enjoying this game," he said. "It's the first pro game I've seen in two years where my seat didn't cost me \$60,000."

When Murchison was certain that the NFL would grant him a franchise for the 1960 season, he hired Tex Schramm as general manager. At the time Schramm was working for CBS-TV on its sports television programs. He had been general manager of the Los Angeles Rams during the long-drawn-out Dan Reeves-Ed Pauley civil war. Schramm, no favorite of Pauley's, was a victim of the 1957 truce between the partners. Trained under Reeves, who is now the Ram owner, Schramm is a perspicacious, sharp pro football executive, as shrewd as Wellington Mara of the Giants in making trades and in judging coaches. During his apprenticeship with the Rams, Schramm learned to trade by making mistakes. An intense, methodical man, Schramm approaches a problem by listing the elements on a legal-size yellow scratch pad, then pondering them carefully before reaching a decision.

"We used to think if you had two players of about equal ability at a position, one a veteran and one a rookie coming up, you traded the veteran and kept the rookie," Schramm says. "I went over some of the trades the Rams made and I have decided that there is another factor, more important than youth. The longer a unit stays together, the better it gets. Especially on defense. The strength of the whole adds up to more than the sum of the parts. So if you trade away one of the veteran parts and replace it with a rookie—even a great rookie—you weaken the whole."

Schramm arrived at this conclusion at about the same time he arrived in Dal-

Lauder emerges from dressing room at Cotton Bowl. Meredith (17) and LeBaron follow.

las to take over the Cowboys. During the three years he had been with CBS, he also had pondered other pro football operation problems. The comprehensive, meticulous Ram scouting system, with Schramm Improvements, was installed for the Cowboys. Dallas drafters are the most carefully sifted and tested prospects in football. All of them, upon reporting to the team, must take not only physical but mental and psychological tests as well. Gil Brandt, the Cowboys' capable chief scout, never takes the word of a player or a coach on the player's size; if at all possible, he measures the candidate and weighs him personally. While this may seem like nit-picking, it has confirmed something Schramm suspected: whereas publicity men used to understate the size of their players, they are now more apt, possibly with an eye to pro offers for the players, to overstate.

"We found some 260-pound tackles who weighed 225," Brandt says. "One quarterback, listed as 6 feet 2, measured 5 feet 11½. That makes a difference against the big pro defensive lines of today."

But probably the shrewdest move Schramm made as general manager of the Cowboys was his employment of Tom Landry as head coach. Landry was an outstanding back at the University of Texas and spent one season with the New York Yankees of the All-America Conference before going to the New York Giants, where he was a key member of Steve Owens' nearly impenetrable umbrella pass defense. He was an assistant coach for the Giants, in charge of defense under Jim Lee Howell, when the Cowboys came into being. He was ripe for a head coaching job. Schramm had to compete with Bud Adams, owner of the Houston Oilers, to obtain the services of Landry. Although there was newspaper speculation on which club Landry would join, there was actually never any doubt in Tom's mind.

When he and Schramm huddled to select players from the shallow pool made available by the other clubs in the league, they decided they must concentrate on picking as effective an offensive team as possible. The formula arrived at by the other owners protected the existing clubs first. Of the 36 players then on each team's roster, the first 25

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were held out of the draft. Dallas was allowed to buy up to three of the remaining 11 from each team.

"We chose players for their offensive ability first," Landry said, "because we needed an exciting team. We were competing with the Dallas Texans. Playing against established NFL clubs, we knew we wouldn't win many games, but we wanted to give the customers

er Jerry Tubbs and Corner Back Don Bishop are the only players left from the 1960 defensive team. Schramm and Landry have added youth and ability as quickly as possible via the draft and trades, but the building process is necessarily a slow one. Six of the original defenders left after the 1960 season, and six more changes were made in 1961. This year, for the first time since the

defense may win for Dallas? Landry can explain. "After a defensive team is set, it takes about three years working together before it reaches its peak," he says. "The first year is the year of confusion. That was 1962. During the second year, you begin to see some success as the players learn their assignments well enough to carry them out instinctively. During the third year the team gains confidence and pride and the defense is mature."

Landry is a tall, soft-spoken young man who, given a bit more hair, would be handsome enough to play the lead in a TV western serial. He drives himself and his assistant coaches during the season and the players also find him a hard taskmaster. He asks them to report to camp in condition, and he has a tough test to determine whether they have done so. When the three Cowboy players from the College All-Star team reported to the Cowboy training camp at Thousand Oaks, Calif. immediately after the All-Star Game, the first thing they were required to do was prove their fitness and endurance by running.

Timed by an assistant coach, they set off on a mile run. Sonny Gibbs, the big rookie quarterback, had to break six minutes for the mile; and the linebackers, Lee Roy Jordan and Jim Price, were asked to run under 6:30. Jordan, a lean, hard 210 pounds, finished under 6:15; Price, an unwieldy size for a miler at 6 feet 2 and 225 pounds, had to stop twice on the final lap to recuperate, finished in over seven minutes—and got stiff conditioning penalties as a result. The long-legged Gibbs won the race in a little over six minutes.

Jim Ray Smith, the all-pro guard obtained from Cleveland in an off-season trade, found he had escaped from a Paul Brown frying pan into a Tom Landry fire when he reported to the Cowboy camp. Leg-weary after three weeks of hard, two-a-day practice sessions, Smith grumbled, "There's too much waste motion in this camp. That's why we work so long." But the waste motion he referred to was exercise and agility drills designed to harden the Cowboys. Their condition is attested to by the few injuries the club has suffered.

In sharpening his team to a regular-season edge in camp, Landry overlooked no opportunities. All coaches studied movies of exhibition games. Landry had



This young first line of defense carries Cowboy hopes of first division championship. Linebacker (front row, left to right) are End George Andrie, Tackles John Meyers and Gary Reese, End Bob Lilly. Linebackers are Chuck Hawley, Jerry Tubbs and rookie Lee Roy Jordan.

a show, at least. We didn't have time or material to build a strong defensive club."

Landry had the nucleus of a good offense, starting with Quarterbacks Don Meredith, obtained from the Chicago Bears at considerable expense, Eddie LeBaron (from the Redskins) and Halfback Don Perkins (from the University of New Mexico). Ends Frank Clarke and Bill Howton also were part of this nucleus. Then the Cowboy scouting system came up with Amos Marsh, from Oregon State, who developed into a top-flight running back. By 1962, after acquiring most of the rest of the offensive line on trades, the Cowboy attack was set.

Not so the defense. Middle Lineback-

club originated, the Cowboys went into spring training with roughly the same defensive unit as finished the previous season.

This may seem a rather cold consolation, considering the 1962 record, but that record is deceptive. While the Dallas offense was scoring 398 points, the Dallas defense gave up 402. Each time LeBaron or Meredith called a play for the Cowboys, it gained an average of six yards, which tied for high in the league. But each time the opposing quarterback called a play, it gained 6.3 yards. The Cowboy attack ran up the handsome total of 4,912 yards, second only to the New York Giants, but the Dallas defense leaked 5,184 yards.

How, then, is it possible to say that

Larry Karl, the Cowboy publicity man, perched on a platform with a movie camera filming scrimmages, as well. Karl was informed by walkie-talkie where each play would be run, shot the scrimmage, and the film was rushed to Hollywood, processed and returned to camp in time for the coaches to go over it that night.

Watching a scrimmage recently, Landry was unperturbed as the Cowboy offense completed passes almost at will on the defense. "We're a step behind on those passes," he said quietly. "That's because the defense is thinking about the assignment instead of reacting instinctively. By the time the season starts, we should have picked up that step. This is the second season in this system for all but one of the starters. It should come easier."

The Cowboy defensive line was made up of Bob Lilly (a first-draft choice in 1961), John Meyers (a tackle obtained in a trade with the Rams in 1962), Guy Reese and George Andrie, both 1962 draft choices. The middle linebacker was Jerry Tubbs, one of the charter members of the defense selected in 1960. ("Tubbs has to have a good year if the defense is to be adequate," Landry said. "The middle linebacker is the key to the defense against the run. No one run on us last year because they didn't have to. They gained 15 yards every time they completed a pass.") The right linebacker was Chuck Howley, obtained in a trade with the Bears in 1961. On the left, a bottle royal was going on among Price, Jordan and Harold Hays, another good rookie. In the defensive backfield were Cornell Green, a basketball player signed as a free agent; Mike Gaochter, a free agent from Oregon who was signed because of his speed; Jerry Norton, a 10-year veteran obtained from the St. Louis Cardinals; and Bishop, the other 1960 holdover.

Watching them work, Landry said, "Right now, our defense is all on a level. No heads pop up higher than the level. There aren't any players anyone is afraid of. We haven't established an image of monsters on this club. It's too young. That comes with time. I mean, the longer you play and the better you get, the easier it is, and not just because you, personally, have improved. Other clubs are afraid of you. When you get ready for the Giants, you play away from a Jim

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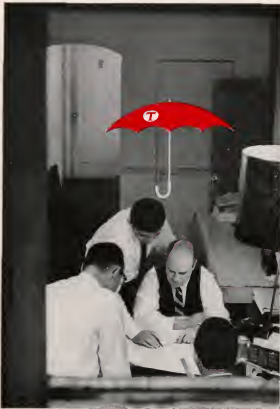
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NFL EAST *continued*

Patton, for instance. He has earned the right to be feared."

There are several of the Cowboy defenders who may earn this right during 1963. Lilly, the 6-foot-4, 251-pound defensive end, is in his third season and has improved each year. Andrie, the other end, was learning his trade last year. At 6 feet 7 and 264 pounds, he is capable of putting on a fearsome pass rush. Tubbs, who was an uncomfortable corner linebacker for the San Francisco 49ers, has gained confidence under Landry, now rates among the better middle linebackers in the league.

The secondary, which was victimized frequently last season, gives promise of developing into a strong, cohesive unit this season. Green, the converted basketball player, has always been good at covering a receiver; this year he has learned that it is permissible, even desirable, to knock people down in football. Gaechter, who began to learn how to use his speed at the close of the 1962 season, has shown considerable gain in confidence. Norton, of course, is a competent veteran, and Bishop may already have begun to inspire fright. There is strong competition for each position; only Bishop seems assured of a starting post.

"We can upgrade the quality," Landry said. "We still lack depth. But what we're trying to do now is instill confidence and pride. I think by the time the season begins we'll have an adequate NFL defense."

In view of the potency of the Cowboy attack, an adequate defense should be all the team needs. If they can achieve even mediocrity on defense—and they should achieve more—the Cowboys will win the first of their Eastern championships. After the Cowboys, in order, should come the New York Giants, a team which won last year on an explosive offense backed by an aging but better than adequate defense; Pittsburgh; St. Louis; Philadelphia; Cleveland; and the Washington Redskins, who last year had the only defense in football less effective than the Cowboys.

**For Maule's report
on other NFL teams,
please turn the page**



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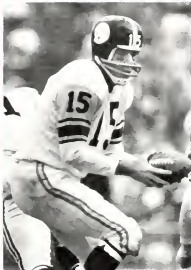
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NEW YORK GIANTS

A bald, 36-year-old gentleman who looks like the insurance executive he is during the off season and who goes by the name of Y. A. Tittle (*above*) remains the Giants' No. 1 quarterback. One of their running backs, upon occasion, will be Hugh McElhenny, 34, who began his career in 1952 with the 49ers. When both Tittle and McElhenny are in the game, the New York Giants doubtless will have the pros' oldest active backfield. It will also be one of the best. The Giants are seeking their third straight conference championship with almost the same team that won in 1961 and 1962, and they will hear the same lugubrious predictions that age has finally withered their skills. Yet there was no sign at the end of last year that this was so, and there is no sound reason to believe that it is now. Allie Sherman, who is not much older than some of his players, has made two major changes in the club: Rosney Grier, the big tackle who was a member of the Giants' sticky defensive line for seven seasons, was traded to the Los Angeles Rams for John Lovetere, as big but younger; Ray Wietecha, the All-Pro offensive center, has gone to the Rams as a coach and will be replaced by Greg Larson, moving over from tackle and guard. A second-year man, Bookie Bolin, takes Larson's place. Sherman has intact the sound defense and spectacular aerial attack to win again, but he needs more running backs and a quarterback to spell Tittle. These lacks, and not age, will be the difference between the Giants and Dallas.



PITTSBURGH STEELERS

If Ed Brown (*above*) can come close to his 1956 efficiency as a quarterback and Myron Pottios has recovered completely from a broken arm, Coach Buddy Parker's perennial optimism may be justified this season. Brown, who led the Chicago Bears to a division championship in 1956, has been less than good enough since then; Pottios, before his injury, was ranked as one of the best middle linebackers around. Big Daddy Lipscomb's shocking death left a hole in the Pitt defensive line, but Parker has one competent candidate to fill in—ex-49er Lou Cordileone. The Steeler defensive unit, good last year, should be better in 1963 after two full seasons of play together. And the linebackers, ridden with injuries last year, are potentially excellent. If Brown can hit the fine Steeler receivers, Buddy Dial and John Henry Johnson, consistently, and if Johnson can squeeze another good season out of his aging legs, the Steeler offense should match a defense that is experienced but not old. In 1962 the blocking of the Steeler offensive line improved steadily as the season wore on and at the year's end it was among the best both for pass protection and blocking. This is a club that has been heir to misfortune ever since it entered the league; should Parker change its luck, it could beat anyone and everyone. All really depends on Brown and, if not him, on Terry Nofsinger, his substitute who was untested last year, or on first-year Bill Nelsen, a good but unheralded quarterback from USC.

ST. LOUIS CARDINALS

The Cardinal offense, a good one in 1962, was marred by one major fault: it managed to give away the ball almost every time it reached scoring range. Charley Johnson (*below*), still learning his trade as a quarterback, threw 20 interceptions; John David Crow, who conquered his role as a halfback long ago, fumbled 14 times, and the other Cardinal running backs demonstrated almost equal facility at mishandling a football. Johnson's difficulties were twofold: he had to unload quickly because of lack of protection and he was not experienced enough to find inter-opening pass catchers. He has as good a set of receivers as there is to throw to: Sonny Randle caught 63 passes and Bobby Joe Conrad 62 last year. Taz Anderson, an excellent tight end, caught 35, and Crow, catching 23, found a thrown ball easier to control than a ball that was handed to him. Although Coach Wally Lemm is known for his defensive talents, he had troubles in that department, too. A soft spot in his secondary allowed opposing teams too many easy completions, and the line often leaked badly, especially after Middle Linebacker Dale Meinert went out with a knee injury in midseason. John Symank, obtained from Green Bay, and rookie Jerry Stovall may plug the holes in the deep defense, and a shuffling of the line, with the addition of rookie Don Brumm at end, may give the Cardinals a stronger rush against the passer. Still there are too many ifs standing in the way of a high finish for St. Louis.



PHILADELPHIA EAGLES

From a championship in 1960, the Eagles plummeted to last place in 1962. The retirement of Quarterback Norm Van Brocklin was partly at fault, but the shoulder injury that came close to ending the career of Sonny Jurgensen, Van Brocklin's replacement, was the crusher. Far off the brilliant form he had shown in his first full season, Jurgensen was not helped in the least last year by a team that was almost as chewed up as he was. Furthermore, there were serious problems in the defensive line, where there were only two players worthy of the name. This year Philadelphia traded for two experienced linemen—Frank Fuller, a tackle from the St. Louis Cardinals, and End Bill Quinlan from the Green Bay Packers, who is a strong, consistent player against a running attack. The Eagles' ground defense needs them both. The return to health of Back Ted Dean and Tight End Pete Retzlaff, plus rookie receiver Ron Goodwin, is offset by a lack of strong offensive linemen; with blockers the Eagle attack could be as good as any in the East. To complement the running, the Eagles still have Tommy McDonald (*below*) to catch passes. His lot will be made easier by the return of Retzlaff. A glaring Philadelphia weakness is the team's linebacking. Chuck Bednarik has retired, John Nocera, with bad knees, has been released on waivers, and Bob Harrison is only adequate. The secondary is old but wise and still able. The Eagles, if they can get better defensive play, should move way up—but not all the way.



CONTINUED



CLEVELAND BROWNS

Few NFL teams have started a season with as many unanswered questions as Cleveland. In order of importance: How effectively can mild Blanton Collier replace Paul Brown as head coach? Is Frank Ryan (*above*) ready to assume control at quarterback? Can Collier rebuild the offensive line and find a running back to pair with Jim Brown? How much will the loss of Floyd Peters (regular defensive tackle) and Don Fleming (regular defensive back) damage the Cleveland defense? Collier runs a training camp that is notably relaxed compared to Brown's. The thin-skinned players who rebelled before at strict discipline seem happier. The biggest change, however, is in Collier's offensive philosophy. He will allow the quarterbacks to call their own plays. Since Collier learned most of his football from Paul Brown, the overall system is virtually unchanged. Ryan, who took over from Jim Ninowski in midseason last year and performed well, may be the solution of the quarterback problem, although, after six years of pro ball, he still lacks game experience. The loss of two fine blockers (Jim Ray Smith and Mike McCormack) from the offensive line could affect both Ryan's passing and Brown's running. Cleveland has an adequate defensive line, good linebackers and good defensive backs, but this will be a trying season for Collier in his first head-coaching job with the pros. And it will be trying, too, for Art Modell, the young Cleveland owner who decided to discharge Paul Brown.



WASHINGTON REDSKINS

By the end of last year the Redskin offensive line blocked beautifully. But there were no breakaway backs to take advantage of the blocking. No opponent ran with ease against the Washington defense. Opposing teams passed though, and they scored often, especially with long tosses which seemed to confuse the Redskins' scrambled secondary. Too, by midseason the defenses in the league discovered that if they put two men on Bobby Mitchell, sophomore Norman Snead had trouble locating anyone else to throw to. Coach Bill McPeak (*above*) has taken definite steps to remedy both faults this year. Johnny Sample, an old hand on defense, may help shut off the home run pass. He comes from the Pittsburgh Steelers and lends speed and savvy to the deep secondary. Snead, who has finished two years of intensive apprenticeship as a quarterback, was learning to find the second and third receivers by the end of last season and should remember how this year. The Redskins still need a good breakaway runner to complement a passing game that will be strengthened by the addition of big Pat Richter, the Wisconsin end and Rose Bowl star who is a strong blocker and punter as well as a sure-handed receiver. Another good rookie is Corner Back Lon Sanders, who, with Sample, beefs up the Redskin pass defense. This can be important for the Redskins, who gave rival throwers too much time in 1962. Washington will be interesting but it will not win often enough to earn a title. This is about two years away.

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NO TEAM CAN MATCH THE PACKERS

So deep in talent that even the loss of Paul Hornung means little, Green Bay should win its third straight championship. But if the Packers falter, Detroit's perennial second-place finishers are ready to move up and, with luck, so are the Chicago Bears. Baltimore's Colts are still a year or so away, and this is a shakedown year for the Rams, with a new coach, a new ownership and a new spirit. San Francisco has problems on defense. The Minnesota Vikings have embarked on a youth movement that should pay off in time. While the race will be closer than last year's, the finish will be nearly the same.



GREEN BAY PACKERS

Vince Lombardi's squad should win its third straight league championship. Victory may not come as easily as it did in 1962, when the Packers won 13 games and lost only one in taking the Western Division title. It may not come at all if the Packers have one or two key injuries to the defensive team. But, with the possible exception of the Cleveland Browns of several years ago, no club that has been on top for so long has ever been as well equipped to continue its domination as Green Bay. Even the loss of Paul Hornung, the accepted leader of the team, should have no real effect on Green Bay's power. Jim Taylor (above), the granite-legged fullback who led the league in ground-gaining last season, seems to have shaken off the effects of a siege of hip-



atitis. Tom Moore, Hornung's replacement, is cut from the Hornung-Taylor pattern—220 pounds, a good blocker, a balanced, insistent runner. In Earl Gros, a massive second-year fullback from Louisiana State, and Elijah Pitts, Lombardi has a pair of second-string backs who could start for most pro teams. Bart Starr, playing his seventh season in 1962, acquired the final polish of a championship quarterback. He has the same capable corps of receivers to throw to again this season. The Packer attack will be as thunderous as ever behind the blocking of an experienced offensive line led by All-Pro Center Jim Ringo. This line last year was one of the most effective weapons in the Packer arsenal; it has not aged enough to reduce its speed or its power. Only on defense, where Green Bay held opponents to minimum points last season, are there any potential soft spots. Lombardi

traded away Bill Quinlan, one of the league's best defensive ends against a ground attack. He has juggled his defensive line, moving Tackle Henry Jordan out to end and putting Urban Henry, or young Ron Kostelnik at Jordan's tackle spot. If the change works, the Packers may get a better pass-rush than they enjoyed last year, when Quinlan rarely penetrated to opposing quarterbacks. Some of the Packer defenders are teetering on that borderline where the wisdom of experience can no longer compensate for a vanishing youth. Their substitutes are young and strong, but if too many replacements become necessary the smooth, instinctive functioning of the Packer defense could be disturbed. Attempting a new fillip on offense, Lombardi is using a man in motion. Whether the system works or not, the Packers have enough to win a third straight title.

CONTINUED

DETROIT LIONS

Alex Karras, the recalcitrant tackle who will sit out the 1963 season (and maybe longer, if he continues railing against the ruling of NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle), constitutes the biggest problem facing the Detroit Lions this year. Regardless of his betting propensity, Karras was an extremely agile defender last year and was particularly adept at rushing the passer. George Wilson, coach of the Lions, has acquired the experienced Floyd Peters from Cleveland to try to fill the gap and has a promising second-year man in Mike Bundra, but the loss of Karras, even with such standouts as Roger Brown (*below*) and Joe Schmidt in the lineup, cuts down significantly on the efficiency of defense. Seldom a high-scoring team when they were winning championships, the Lions now must add fire to the offense to compensate for the higher scores opposing teams inevitably will run up on them. While Milt Plum, freed from the restrictions of Paul Brown at Cleveland, blossomed last year, the team's running and passing were never consistent. The first need is for a good, fast breakaway back. Ollie Matson, obtained from the Rams, may have enough speed left to fill this lack. Nick Pietrosante, a superb bangaway fullback, is no threat for the long gain and is susceptible to muscle injuries. Wilson will put his faith instead in his new blocking assignments, designed to put the team's best blockers ahead of the runners. The device could help take up the defensive slack, put Detroit into the championship game.



CHICAGO BEARS

The Chicago Bears won five of their last six games in 1962—which has led Bear fans to believe that this, after a long drought, is the year. If it is, the Bears will have to depend heavily upon medical science. Bill George, their brilliant middle linebacker, has a bad neck; Tom Bettis, obtained in a trade to spell George, dislocated his elbow early in the training season, and the Bears may wind up with no strength at all in this vital position against the run. Willie Galimore, the mercurial running back who had operations on both knees, may have lost his speed. Tackle Fred Williams had a knee operation, too, and is doubtful. If Williams and George do not respond to treatment, the Bears can expect another season of vulnerability to the running game—a fault that cost them dearly in 1962. On the brighter side, Ronnie Bull, who was NFL Rookie of the Year in 1962, should be an even more effective running back in 1963. His improvement will lighten the load on Fullback Rick Casares (*below*), who carries much of the Bear ground threat. The Bears had a good pass defense in 1962 and should have a stronger one this year with a cohesive, seasoned secondary. This should take the pressure off the line, which for once can afford to be conservative. Certainly, now that the inventive Clark Shaughnessey has retired as defensive coach, the line's style of play will change. And if they get healthy and stay that way, the Bears, with their usual good air attack, could press the Packers in the West.





BALTIMORE COLTS

An old and sometimes true axiom in professional football is that you must establish your running game and earn respect for it before the passing will go. No more cogent example of this can be imagined than the Baltimore Colts of last year. Even with Johnny Unitas (*above*) throwing and Jimmy Orr, Raymond Berry and Lenny Moore receiving, the Colts won only half the games they played. Everyone in the park knew when the Colts needed yards badly that Unitas would throw. This made for long afternoons for Johnny, who spent much of the time waiting, bruised and weary, while the linebackers climbed slowly off him. The Colts still need an authoritative fullback to pose a threat of the run and to pick off onrushing linebackers before they reach Unitas. They may find one among returning players and a couple of promising rookies. They also need a tight end who can block and relieve Orr and Berry of some of the pressure on receivers. Defensively the linebackers are very strong; they will have to be. The retirement of Tackle Billy Ray Smith leaves a gap in the line as noticeable as a missing front tooth. The secondary is experienced, with Andy Nelson, Jim Welch and Lenny Lyles; Rookie Jim Maples stands a good chance of a job. Don Shula, the new Colt coach, was the defensive coach at Detroit for three years. He can be depended upon to do something about his own defenses, and if he finds a fullback, a tackle to replace Smith and a good blocking tight end his team could finish high.



LOS ANGELES RAMS

Rosey Grier, the massive tackle acquired by trade from the New York Giants, typifies the change in the Los Angeles Rams. Cheerful and an uninhibited guitar strummer, Grier brought a winning philosophy with him to the Los Angeles camp. After a few days he had a cluster of Rams in his room bleating lustily to his guitar accompaniment. A club official, pausing in the courtyard of the team's quarters, shook his head. "Imagine that," he said. "Singing in the Ram camp!" There have been only dirges for the disorganized Rams in recent years, but this season, with young Harland Sware (*above*) in his first full year as head coach, the camp is far better organized and far more purposeful than in the past. The new look stems in part from the fact that the Rams are now being run by one man, Dan Reeves, who settled an eight-year civil war with other owners by buying them out. He is regarded as an astute football operator, and his competence seems to have filtered through the whole organization. With a very sound defense back from last year ("Better than the Giants," Grier says), the Rams have the foundation on which to build a fortress. Roman Gabriel, given a chance at quarterback in the second half of last season, has been throwing well to a group of fine receivers, but he may be sidelined by left-handed rookie Terry Baker, who is a brilliant tactician. If Art Perkins or rookie Ben Wilson can fill a gap at fullback, the Rams could improve, but not enough to make the top four.

CONTINUED

SAN FRANCISCO 49ers

This is a unique club: most of the members are amateur head shrinkers. In July they called a players-only morale meeting, hoping to stabilize a team that tends to be emotional and erratic. Really, there is nothing wrong with the 49ers that one more strong running back, some offensive linemen to keep the quarterbacks reasonably safe and a few linebackers could not fix. But this is a lot, and add to it team dissension over Coach Red Hickey, a tough, hard-driving taskmaster, and you have trouble. On the affirmative side, San Francisco's strong point is passing, with Quarterback John Brodie throwing to two fast receivers—Bernie Casey and Jimmy Johnson. Although End Hugh Campbell, the rookie from Washington State who had good days in the East-West and All-Star games, lacks speed, he is exceptionally crafty and surehanded. Halfback Bill Kilmer, out for the season with a broken leg suffered in an automobile accident, will be missed, but rookie Don Lison could be an adequate replacement. Kermit Alexander, probably the best running back in college last year and the 49ers' first draft choice, just may break into the starting offensive or defensive backfield, he is that good. The defensive line, keyed on indestructible Leo Nomellini (*below*), is a good one. As usual, however, the 49ers are weak in linebacking. Even with a new attitude, San Francisco has too many old problems. The 49ers should be an explosive, exciting team to watch, but they will not be a threat to unseat Green Bay.



MINNESOTA VIKINGS

After two lean years during which Coach Norm Van Brocklin struggled along with the flagging talents of players sent to his club by other teams in the league, the Vikings have switched wholeheartedly to youth. Only three of the 36 men who started with the team in 1961 are still around. During the off season Van Brocklin traded away seven of last year's regulars. "Thirteen rookies could make the roster," Van Brocklin says. "In fact, six of them could start." One rookie not likely to start is Ron VanderKelen, the All-Star and Rose Bowl sensation, who competes with established Quarterback Fran Tarkenton. "Tarkenton is ready to turn the corner," Van Brocklin says. "This year he should reach maturity as an NFL quarterback." Last year, hampered by a tight offensive line that offered him little protection and by injuries to his best receivers, Tarkenton was often under siege. Van Brocklin has provided more blockers this year. He has acquired Leon Clarke, a seasoned receiver, and in rookie Paul Flatley, from Northwestern, he has a promising pass-catching prospect. Tom Mason (*below*) has become a superb runner and, with Bill Brown to help him, gives Minnesota a dangerous ground game. The Vikings will field the league's youngest secondary defense—which could mean that it will be the most porous in the NFL. To help the secondary, the line must learn to rush passers with more verve than it showed in 1962. Four wins would make a success of this first year in a long rebuilding program.



CONTINUED



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THE NEW CHIEFS ARE AN OLD STORY

The League Champion Dallas Texans moved to Kansas City, changed their name to the Chiefs and will lose nothing in the move, not even their AFL championship. Facing them in the playoff game will be the Buffalo Bills, who finally have the quarterback (Jack Kemp) they need to drive their tough veterans and choice rookies to the Bills' first Eastern Division title. Neither team, however, will have an easy road to the championship game. In the Western Division, injuries shattered San Diego last year, but if the Chargers manage to stay in one piece in 1963 they are nearly the equal of the Chiefs. The Denver Broncos, the most improved team in the West, could spoil everything for the front-runners if either lets down. Frustrated Eastern Division teams settled for scraps the past three years while the cocky and underrated Houston Oilers gobbled up titles. The Oilers are still cocky and even stronger, but this year, at last, they will have to settle for second best. The Boston Patriots, despite last season's surprising run, are stuck with most of their old problems and several new ones. They will finish a strong third in the East.

EAST



BUFFALO BILLS

There was a strange, eager feeling among the Buffalo Bills at their training camp this year. Call it midsummer madness or preseason whimsy, but the team sensed it was on the verge of something big—like its first championship. "The players believe it," said Coach Lou Saban and, the fact is, so does Saban. Gone are the floundering days when rookies had to carry the load. This year the Bills have some of the finest newcomers around, and only six or seven will even stay with the squad. Saban has junked the collegiate roll-out pass because he has, at long last, the man who can drop straight back in the professional manner—Jack Kemp. Meiner and faster than ever is Fullback Cookie Gilchrist (*above*), the league's leading ground-gainer. Wray Carlton, Art Baker and Wayne Crow give the Bills plenty of inside running strength. No one scares their offensive line, and the defensive line is just as tough. Jim Ounaway, the 268-pound rookie from Ole Miss, and Oave Behrman, Michigan State's rugged center, are among the better pro line prospects in the country this season, but neither is expected to break directly into a lineup that features such giants as Ken Rice (251), Mack Yoho (238), Tom Sestak (268) and Sid Youngelman (260). "We lack some fast ends and a good breakaway runner," says Saban, but he does not sound especially worried. His team has so much of everything else that Buffalo should win its first title since the days of the old All-America Conference.



HOUSTON OILERS

"Cover, cover!" was the Houston Oilers' frantic battle cry last season. No less than 42 of Quarterback George Blanda's (*above*) passes went directly into the hands of delighted secondary defenders—an awesome if dubious record that kept the Oilers' defensive team in the game far longer than Coach Pop Ivy cared to see it there. That was not Houston's only problem. Billy Cannon missed half a season with a back injury and was ineffectual when he did play. Charley Tolar, the team's best rusher and blocking back, was a cripple. Hard-running Oave Smith was unable to operate at top speed because of a bad knee. Yet somehow, somehow, the Oilers scrapped, bullied, schemed and cajoled their way to the Eastern Division title and came within a field goal of winning the championship. This year Cannon has trimmed off 16 pounds and promises to set a more sensible course. "I couldn't go over them," he says, "so I'll try running around them again." The Oiler line, both offensive and defensive, is a good one, and the secondary is strong. There are, however, soft spots—enough to keep Houston out of the championship this year. Ivy, for example, is trying two rookies—Johnny Baker of Mississippi State and Jerry Hopkins of Texas A&M—as linebackers, and that is a position where experience counts. It is becoming a tradition with the Oilers that they are written off early and are surprise champions later. "They've been selling us short for three years," says Blanda. "Guess we'll have to show them all over again."

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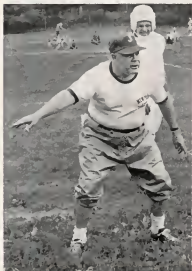
BOSTON PATRIOTS

It was a vicious Houston rush that flattened the Boston Patriots' slick old quarterback, Babe Parilli (*below*), in their showdown game last year. Boston winced, for Parilli's collarbone was broken and the Patriots had to settle for an honorable second in the Eastern Division. Though Parilli is back and in playing shape, Coach Mike Holovak is worried. Broken collarbones are not easy to forget, and if the Babe flinches at blitzing linemen Boston's winter will seem endless. Reserve Tom Yewcic is a good quarterback, but Parilli is an inspirational one and Boston needs all the inspiration it can get. The Pats' offensive line has some players of quality but not enough of them. "I'm looking for six new faces," says Holovak. So far, he has found only one—End Art Graham of Boston College. Larry Eisenhauer (245) and Houston Antwine (263) pounce on quarterbacks with admirable abandon, but the left side of the defensive line cannot move in fast enough. Fullback Bill Lott, out with a hurt knee last year, is now ready to give Boston's already well-balanced offense more rushing strength up the middle. Linebackers Tom Addison, Nick Buoniconti and Jack Rudolph are good although they do allow passes to be caught behind them. Gino Cappelletti, a slow but sure-handed receiver at tight end, will help in the close games with his long-range field goals. The Pats have their strong points, all right, but generally it is a case of good here, bad there. Boston will have to be content to be a strong third.



NEW YORK JETS

Last year the New York Titans' coach was not speaking to the owner, and the players were not speaking to the coach. During a full season of madness only two things seemed certain: the Titans would lose and they would not be paid for their efforts. But this is a new season. There are new owners, a new name and a new coach—Baltimore's displaced Weeb Ewbank (*below*). There is also real money in the bank. The choice of Ewbank, a most organized fellow, was eminently wise. Ewbank straight off told his players to hold up their heads and bleed freely for the new cause. Then they were given a play book—"a sensible sort of thing for a professional player to have," said one old hand who had gone without a play book for three years. An exact training schedule was posted, and practice sessions were closely watched by specialists. Meanwhile, Ewbank has been searching. "We have 65 bodies," said Ewbank, "but few players." Two good ones are Quarterbacks Johnny Green and Lee Grosscup. Both, however, have damaged knees and neither player may last the season. Sherman Plunkett, who was with Ewbank's championship Baltimore teams, adds some heft (297) to the offensive line. Bill Mathis, the 220-pound fullback who sat out last year with a bad shoulder, is playing well now, but that about ends the rosy report, such as it is. The 1963 Jets are just about as strong as the 1962 Titans. And just about as weak, too. They will rest securely once again at the bottom of the division.



WEST



KANSAS CITY CHIEFS

A year ago the Kansas City Chiefs lived in Dallas, were called the Texans and had a most unhappy coach. "I've got problems," Hank Stram was heard to say then. "I don't know what I'm going to do for tight ends, quarterbacks, secondary defenders and fullbacks." By the time the Texans had won the AFL championship, rival coaches were wondering: What problems? Fred Arbanas turned out to be second-string All-League end, and Tommy Brooker was almost as good. Len Dawson threw 29 touchdown passes (the most in the league) and was the AFL's Player of the Year. The opposition picked up only 13 touchdowns through the secondary, and Curtis McClinton (above) stepped into the injured Jack Spikes' position at fullback and won the Rookie of the Year award. Now both Spikes and McClinton are back, and Stram has another problem. Which man will he start? Punting actually turned out to be the only department in which the Chiefs were unprofessional. Rookie Jerrel Wilson, however, has been getting off boomers in practice. And the Chiefs' other rookies are every bit as impressive, especially along the line. Minnesota's Bobby Bell, Junior Buchanan of Grambling (6 feet 7, 276 and fast) and Ed Budde of Michigan State were all standouts in the College All-Star Game. With Abner Haynes to catch Dawson's long passes (and Stram promises there will be more of them this season), the Chiefs should take up right where the Texans left off—winning the AFL championship.



SAN DIEGO CHARGERS

San Diego Coach Sid Gillman took his Chargers into the desert for training this year, determined to get his big and talented team into such rugged shape that mere football games would come as pleasant relief. Gillman had good reason for such drastic conditioning. Last year the Chargers were defending division champions, but after 11 first-line performers were flattened by injuries they were champions no more. "It won't be that way this season," says Gillman. After practicing in 100° heat and facing up to rattlesnakes, the Chargers should be mean and tough. For the first time ever, Gillman will not have to rely on celebrated but untested rookies. His first teams most likely will be composed entirely of experienced players. On hand to guide the offense is that big man from Texas—by way of Green Bay, Detroit and Toronto—Tobin Rote. He is 35 now, a vintage age for quarterbacks these days. Ready to step in if Rote fizzles is 23-year-old Johnny Hadl, who is determined to make the old fellow fight for his job. There is good speed and balance in the rest of the backfield with such sprinters as Lance Alworth, Bert Coon and Jerry Robinson. Ron Mix (above), the best lineman in the league, will open the holes for the swift backs. Defensively the Chargers are sound except, surprisingly, in the gigantic line, where Ernie Ladd (317), Earl Faison (262), Ron Nery (242) and Hank Schmidt (246) sometimes play as if size alone is enough. "If they get mean," says Gillman, "no one will ever catch us."

CONTINUED

DENVER BRONCOS

It was precisely midseason when Jack Faulkner, one of the jolliest coaches ever to roam the Rockies, and his Denver Broncos met disaster. Opposing quarterbacks discovered that passes thrown deep in the Broncos' secondary were inevitably good for six points, and Denver's surprising rush toward the title came to an abrupt halt. With good defensive backs so hard to come by, the Broncos' collapse has an ominous and prophetic ring to it. Faulkner is further faced with a shortage of capable guards, and, to make matters worse, the team's leading rusher in 1962, Don Stone, had a knee operation last winter. But if you think that the Broncos will go right on losing, do not bet heavily on it. Faulkner still has Lionel Taylor (*below*), who catches more passes annually than any player in the AFL, plus Quarterbacks Frank Tripucka and Mickey Slaughter (Louisiana Tech) to do the throwing. Those hard-to-come-by defensive backs may have arrived in the form of Charlie Mitchell (Washington) and Tom Janik (Texas A&I), both of whom proved in the College All-Star Game that they could play with the pros. And appearing as awesome as a Rocky Mountain avalanche is rookie Fullback Billy Joe (Villanova), whose qualifications include speed, balance and 251 pounds. "Sort of reminds you of a herd of elephants, doesn't he?" says Faulkner. The Broncos improved themselves as no other team in the division, but they still need guards and a breakout back. Without them, they cannot win a title.



OAKLAND RAIDERS

The Oakland Raiders' new coach and general manager, Al Davis (*below*), is young, bright, handsome and has recently inherited a small fortune. He has, in fact, everything going for him but a respectable football team. "Gentlemen," Davis told his staff the day he took over, "we have work to do." He was right. The Raiders have only a handful of qualified pros, and the team did not gain much in the draft. Needing a first-rate linebacker to help out flob Dougherty, Davis traded for Buffalo's Arch Matsos, a fast man who is happiest when demolishing opposing backs. Davis then convinced the New York Jets' fine end, Art Powell, that if he was going to play for a loser, he might as well do it nearer home (San Diego). Last year Powell led all AFL receivers in yardage gained. The Raiders also have the league's best center in Jim Otto, plus Glen Daniels, who can run with the ball. Oakland will not move much, however, unless Quarterback Tom Flores, a fine passer who sat out last season with a respiratory ailment, comes back strong. Flores is second-string to Cotton Davidson at the moment, but he should take over soon. The defensive line has 280-pound Chuck McMurtry, an exceptional tackle, and that is about all. Davis will have to console himself this season with pleasant thoughts of a lavish new stadium Oakland is planning for his team to play in and a couple of games with the Boston Patriots, the team the Raiders beat on the last day of the 1962 season to end a 19-game losing streak.





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BASEBALL / Robert Creamer

The night the Dodgers got the monkey off their back

Often accused of going into a drugged slumber when the Giants come to town, the Dodgers beat their hated rivals in a critical game and took a big step toward erasing memories of that humiliating '62 collapse

The San Francisco Giants breezed into Los Angeles last week like a man walking into a bank to cash a check for a million dollars, only to discover that the check was a phony, a fake, Abner. There wasn't any million dollars. Like the grasshopper in the fable, the Giants should have used the summer to build up a little equity instead of counting on a miracle in the fall.

The Dodgers had a 5½-game lead when the Giants came to town, but never has a 5½-game lead sounded so miserably inadequate. Listening to conversation almost anywhere in Los Angeles, you would have thought that the Giants had maneuvered cleverly to get the Dodgers into this fix, that the league leaders were trapped and that they would have to fight desperately to survive. All the talk seemed to go, "If the Giants sweep . . ." or "Even if San Francisco wins only three of the four, that means . . ."

But the Giants did not sweep. They lost the first game 11-1 to Sandy Koufax. Nor did they take three out of four. They lost the second 3-1 to Don Drysdale. After that second game, conversation in Los Angeles changed abruptly. Instead of worrying about the Giants, people were talking about hotel reservations in New York and how Koufax would do against Mackey Mantle. One victory in August should not have such an impact, but this one did. For the first time in almost a year Los Angeles felt that the Dodgers were in.

The decisive moment of the showdown series—and maybe the decisive moment of the pennant race—came in the third inning of that second game. The defeat the night before at the hands of Koufax had not bothered the Giants too much. Curiously, it was the Dodgers

who had acted as though they had to win that one; the Giants, with extraordinary confidence, seemed willing to concede one game to Koufax. But the second night was different. Again, the Dodgers acted as though they had to win, and this time the Giants felt the same way. They were using their best pitcher, Juan Marichal. This was a game they needed and expected to win.

They got to Don Drysdale for one run in the first inning, and in the third—the momentous third—they threatened again. With one out, Harvey Kuenn and Chuck Hiller singled, and here was Willie McCovey coming to bat. Drysdale is McCovey's pet. The details of their relationship are worth repeating: McCovey has a lifetime batting average of .431 against Drysdale; he has 22 hits in 51 times at bat, and nine of those hits have been home runs. A mutter of apprehension worried its way up from the crowd, a "Here we go again" mutter. A home run would mean three runs for the Giants and a 4-0 lead for Juan Marichal.

McCovey fouled the first pitch into the crowd. He fouled off the second. Drysdale missed the plate for ball one. He missed again. Ball two, McCovey fouled the next pitch off to the left. The crowd waited. Suddenly, electrically, Drysdale whirled and threw toward second base, low and hard. Harvey Kuenn, 10 feet off the base, scrambled to get back, but Maury Wills, the Dodger shortstop, moving with the instant acceleration for which he is famous, got to the base before Kuenn, took the ball and tagged the Giant out. The crowd watched almost in disbelief as Kuenn trotted slowly off the infield and down into the Giant dugout.

New Drysdale turned back to Mc-

continued

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BASEBALL continued

Covey. He had thrown five pitches to him already. Now he threw again, and again Willie fouled off the pitch. And then again, this time down into the left-field stands. Drysdale missed the plate for ball three, a full count. With Willie Mays on deck, waiting to hit, Drysdale threw three times to McCovey with the count 3 and 2. The first was fouled down into the ground. The second was fouled back into the stands. The third—Drysdale's 11th pitch to Big Willie—was a change-up, and McCovey swung and missed. He had struck out. The inning was over, the threat was dead and so, as it turned out, were the Giants.

Spectacular but insignificant

The Dodgers tied the score in the third, went ahead in the fifth, added a third run in the eighth and won the ball game 3-1. Spectacular things happened in the game—six stolen bases, three by each side, a leaping catch of a McCovey line drive by Maury Wills, a throw to the plate by Frank Howard after an outfield error to cut down the tying run at home, a triple by Willie Mays. But nothing was as dramatic—or as significant—as Drysdale stopping Big Willie in the clutch.

Although the series was the biggest of the year in Los Angeles, with the Thursday night crowd of 54,978 setting a record for the Dodgers' magnificent stadium in Chavez Ravine, the players themselves approached the games with an outwardly casual air that was remarkable to see. The Dodgers and Giants had not played one another since mid-June, and when the players came out on the field for practice before the first game, they were like a bunch of kids renewing old acquaintanceships on the first day of school. Dodger players shouted, "Willie, Willie," when Mays came out of the Giant clubhouse. Willie went over to talk to Leo Durocher and in 30 seconds Durocher had him by the thumb, threatening him. Willie, laughing and squirming, protested, "You gonna break my arm." Leo said, with mock anger, "You gonna stop?" Willie, on the ground now, said emphatically, "Yes, Yes." "Okay, then," said Leo, and Willie got up, rubbing his thumb and pouting.

Then the game started—and the fun stopped, at least for the Giants. Two days later they were still hanging around, hoping that somebody would cash that check. But it was beginning to look like a long, wet winter in San Francisco. **END**

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How to keep swinging in the rain

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Some people must enjoy hitting shots off wet grass—the fanatic, say, who plays so early in the morning that the dew is still thick enough to swim in or the all-weather zealot who looks upon a tropical rainstorm as nothing more than a light mist. Most of us, however, take little pleasure in such shots because they are hard to handle. The main problem is that moisture fills the grooves of the clubface. This makes it difficult for the clubhead to grip the ball at impact and give it backspin. The result is a shot that flies farther than it would under normal conditions and then does not bite properly when it lands. The way to counteract

this is to play a fading shot into the green. To hit this shot, one less club than normal should be used (a seven-iron, for instance, rather than a six). The ball should be aimed to the left of the target, and the swing should be made almost entirely with the arms. There should be, in other words, very little hand action at impact. The right hand should stay behind the left with the hands not turning over until well into the follow-through. The clubhead should not dig into the turf; it should sweep the ball cleanly off the grass. The result will be a high shot that still carries farther than normal, but one that will hold the green when it lands.

The arms control this swing. Hand action is limited and the ball is hit cleanly, as if being swept off a steel plate.



Drawing by Francis Golden

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CLEAN COUNTRY SWEEP

There hasn't been such a harvest of sports clothes since casual fashion first got its tweedy leg up in the English country life of the '90s. Last month fragile monnequins shouldered shooting sticks as they strode, high-booted, through the oeteliers of Paris, just as their counterparts had done in New York in June. It was even suggested by some designers that women should clomp, oll tweedy, down city streets. But smart American women will wear this bounty where it belongs—in the country—as shown here. The shooting coat (left) is designed by Bill Blass to be worn over corduroy, and the porko (right) is made by Bonnie Coshin in hair seal.







Scottish district checks, once worn only by Highland lairds and their gillies, become favorite patterns for sportsmen everywhere after Edward VII, while Prince of Wales, adapted them for shooting wear at Sandringham. One of the most colorful of district checks, the Prince of Wales, was named for him. Here it is shown (left) in a sports jacket from Chipp. Stella Sloat put together the country combination of hold-ploid waistcoat, linen shirt and classic, pleated herringbone skirt. Glenurquhart, most popular of all district checks, forms the pattern of Bonnie Coshin's dramatic, back-fastened coat at right. The hood, mittens and boots complete Coshin's country look.





The piped blazer he wore as a schoolboy in England inspired John Weitz to design this contemporary blazer costume (left). The bulky, baggy turtleneck and the uncreased stovepipe trousers also contribute to the boyish silhouette of a girl photographed in the glow of the twilight of late summer. The belted Norfolk shooting jacket (right) turns up this season in adaptations for both men and women. Vera Maxwell's suit has a sleeveless jacket and is of Lovat tweed. It is worn over a cablestitch turtleneck and a paneled walking skirt. The man's Norfolk of Shetland hopsacking, by Arthur M. Rosenberg, represents a trend to more countrylike sports jackets.





Saturday and Sunday afternoons in a football stadium anywhere above the 35th parallel call for coverings as warm and as waterproof as these trench coats and boots. Muskrat lines the lady's coat, by Style-Street; alpaca the man's, by Driveway. Country suits by Gordon-Ford and Ellen Brooke (right) appear in camel, a revival as welcome as a fireside after the game.

WHERE TO BUY

On opening page: the wool game coat, over corduroy blouse and skirt, is by Bill Blass for Maurice Rentner (\$395), at Bonwit Teller, New York; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle; J. L. Hudson, Detroit; Rich's, Atlanta. Adolfo hat, Golo boots. Facing opening page: the hair-seal parka is by Bonnie Cashin for Philip Sills (\$515 plus tax), at Lord & Taylor, New York. Man's turtleneck is by Himmalaia (\$27.50), at Bloomingdale's, New York; McNeil & Moore, Madison, Wis. Third color page: lady's plaid waistcoat (\$23), herringbone skirt (\$25) and linen shirt (\$26) are by Stella Skoot, at Saks Fifth Avenue. The man's Shetland jacket is made to order by Chipp of New York (\$160). On following page: plaid coat, leather-piped, is by Sills (\$190), at Bonwit Teller, New York. Facing page 81: the lady's turtleneck (\$55), checked cashmere trousers (\$70), gray blazer (\$140) are all by John Weitz Boutique. Turtleneck and blazer are at Frederick & Nelson, Seattle; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas. Both these, plus made-to-order pants, are at Henri Bendel, New York. Page 81: Norfolk suit is by Vera Maxwell (\$190), at Lord & Taylor, New York. Man's jacket (\$95) is at A. M. Rosenberg, New York. Page 82: lady's trench coat is by Main-Style (\$350 plus tax), at Bonwit Teller, New York; Stix, Boer & Fuller, St. Louis. Man's trench coat is by Driveway Weathercoats (\$95), at Frank Bros. Fenn-Feinstein, New Haven; Robert Kirk, San Francisco; Hubert White, Minneapolis. Page 83: lady's wool suit (\$125), jersey turtleneck (\$25) are by Ellen Brooke for Sportswear Couture, at Nan Duskin, Philadelphia; Lou Latimore, Dallas; Young's Gown Shop, Portland, Ore. Man's wool-and-anohair suit is by Gordon-Ford (\$90), at Boyd's, St. Louis; Lord & Taylor, New York.





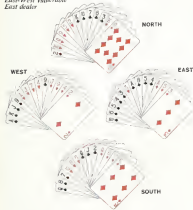
BRIDGE / Charles Goren

Pick the right side of the table

While I am not superstitious—not about cards, in any case—I have noticed that the good cards sometimes seem to favor one side of the table. This phenomenon once prompted the late George Kaufman to suggest that a well-run bridge club should post daily information on which way the cards are running, North-South or East-West.

Choice of seats was a deciding factor in the recent North American Rubber Bridge Championship, whose \$2,500 first prize makes it the richest event in contract bridge. In a 60-deal final match played at New York's famed Regency Club, Mr. and Mrs. Burton Howe of Sioux City, Iowa defeated Martin Phillips and Ira Trivers of Chattanooga by 1,380 points, as the cards ran overwhelmingly North-South. The match was close right down to the wire, however;

*East-West vulnerable
East dealer*



EAST (Phillips)	SOUTH (Howe)	WEST (Trivers)	NORTH (Howe)
PASS	PASS	1♠	DOUBLE
3♦	4♦	DOUBLE	PASS
PASS	PASS		

Opening lead: king of spades

700 points were tossed away by the runners-up on the very last deal in a neck-or-nothing slam bid that was their only hope of overcoming the Howes's 680-point lead.

In a rubber bridge event, players cut for seats at the end of each rubber; the losers here (Phillips-Trivers) won the cut before each of the last two rubbers but elected to stay put. Had they changed either time, they would have won. With exactly 10 hands to be played, Phillips-Trivers held a 1,300-point lead and won the cut for the next rubber. They chose to remain East-West. Two hands later, the Howes had won a rubber with a small slam bid; they were 520 ahead and they stayed ahead.

The bridge throughout was sound. Except for their last-ditch gamble, the Chattanoogaans were never set more than 200 points on any deal. But the Howes ran into a major disaster when, for the only time in the match, they overbid. This came on the 36th deal, shown at left.

The part-score situation, combined with favorable vulnerability, caused both Howes to cast aside the commendable caution they had displayed throughout the match. North's double was open to two-way criticism: not sufficient strength and questionable action with a two-suited hand. A simple two-club or two-heart overall would have been ample. East preempted against an expected heart bid, and Mrs. Howe tried to save the rubber with insufficient values.

A crossruff by the defenders proved devastating. After winning the king of spades, West shifted to his singleton heart. West took the ace and returned a heart for East to ruff. West ruffed the club return, gave East a second heart ruff and trumped the third round of clubs. Next, West forced dummy to trump by leading the spade ace. The king of diamonds was captured by East's ace and a fourth round of clubs insured that West's jack of diamonds would win the defenders' ninth trick.

The "save" turned out to be doubly expensive because, three hands later, East-West made the rubber anyway, bidding a vulnerable slam to boot.

EXTRA TRICK

Paying even 500 points to save a rubber, when not vulnerable, is a losing proposition because the vulnerable side remains a heavy favorite to win the rubber later anyway.

END

OLD FORESTER

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An inventor takes the kick out of shooting

Sensitive shotgun and rifle users will get relief from recoil shock with a device called Hydro-Coil



The most troublesome problem faced by shooters today, particularly those who enjoy trap and skeet shooting with a shotgun and target shooting and big game hunting with large-bore rifles, is recoil. When a firearm is discharged, the vast energy (in the form of gases) unleashed by ignition of the cartridge not only sends the bullet or shot charge out of the barrel but also creates an opposite force that drives the gun violently rearward. The recoil thrust passes through the gun and slams into the shooter's shoulder and cheek, often producing a bruising shock.

A shooter sensitive to recoil—and

many are—tends to anticipate the kick of a gun by flinching, thus interrupting his concentration on the target. In repetitive firing over a short period, such as in trap and skeet competition, a shooter may have an uncomfortable time.

Relief is now in sight and within range of most shooters' pocketbooks. Ralph O. Hoge, 54, an inveterate Hollywood inventor and an occasional motion picture director, has designed and patented Hydro-Coil (above), an ingenious recoil-absorbing device that actually cuts recoil by as much as 85% and reduces the powerful kick of a shotgun or rifle to a nudge.

continued

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Are the tires too low? That's dangerous on long trips. They flex too much at high speeds. And the heat build-up could tear them apart.

If the tread wear is uneven your wheels may need aligning. Or balancing. Or it could be that you're not

rotating tires every 5000 miles. (Try it. You'll get more wear from your tires.)

And remember. Tires stop the car. Brakes just stop the wheels. So don't drive on a tread-bare tire.

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Nylon is the strongest fiber ever used in tire cord. And the toughest. And the most durable. And the most heat resistant. It gives tires what they need most. A strong backbone.

Nylon cord tires can take it. They can take the rocks, the chuckholes, the bumps. They can take the terrific heat that builds up in a tire at high speeds.

Two things to remember when you drive. Every couple of weeks, take a good look at your tires. And when you look for replacements, get nylon cord tires.

They can take it.

Nothing but nylon makes you feel so safe.



Chemstrand, New York 1, a Division of Monsanto Chemical Company, makes Chemstrand® nylon. America's tire manufacturers do the rest.

Several other attempts have been made to curtail the punishing effect of recoil on the shooter, among them rubber pads on the butt end of the stock and heavily padded shooting jackets. Many a shooter too proud to admit being sensitive to recoil has furtively slipped a piece of foam rubber under his shirt. To a degree, venting gas off at the muzzle and near the chamber has helped to reduce recoil. But none of these devices have proved as effective as Hydro-Coil.

Hoge got the idea while working on a shock absorber for movie cameras six years ago. Basically, Hydro-Coil is a hydraulic system that utilizes air and oil, yet functions in much the same way as an automobile shock absorber. Hydro-Coil is installed inside the gun stock and then covered with a sleeve that incorporates the butt plate and comb of the stock. The gun recoils inside this unit, and the Hydro-Coil device absorbs most of the force before it reaches the shooter's shoulder and then spreads out the remaining kick over a longer period of time (actually a few thousandths of a second). Instead of being punched immediately by the recoiling gun, the shooter feels only a gentle push.

Cyclohex stocks

Until this year Hydro-Coil could be installed only on a custom basis in wood stocks. Well-informed shooters who could afford it paid \$180 to have Hogg's talented gunsmith, Ed Sowers of Van Nuys, Calif., install the device in their own stocks. For an even higher price—\$265 and up—Sowers installed Hydro-Coil in a new wood stock with matching forearm and included the shooter's particular stock dimensions, as well as his choice of checkering, carving and engraving.

But now shooters bothered by recoil can get Hoge's new \$80 Hydro-Coil unit. This unit, which can be installed easily by a competent gunsmith, comes with a stock and matching forearm of Cycloc, a high-impact plastic that is virtually indestructible and will not warp even under extreme climatic changes. The shooter can choose either a combination field and skeet stock or a trap stock with a higher comb. For an additional \$25 he can buy an extra comb to convert a skeet and field shotgun into a trap gun. The Cycloc Hydro-Coil stocks come in two colors: dark walnut and ivory.

Cycloc Hydro-Coil kits for two 12-



Young Kyle Rote, Jr., likes this fall suit because it lets him relax, keeps him neat. It's got "Dacron"®

With "Dacron", a guy can forget about wrinkles. A suit of "Dacron" and worsted will always keep him neat, looking his best. Even in the worst weather, the press stays put in a suit that's got "Dacron". This handsome suit with trim-fitting "Contour Collar" comes in sizes 6-12, 13-20, 34-42. At fine stores everywhere. By the **PALM BEACH COMPANY & SAMPECK CLOTHES**

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SHOOTING continued

gauge slide-action Winchester shotguns, the Model 12 Monte Carlo Trap and the Model 12 Skeet, are now available from Winchester-Western's New Haven, Conn., factory and from Hydro-Coil, Inc., Van Nuys, Calif. Winchester, which has been interested in Hydro-Coil for several years, also has an exclusive firearm manufacturer's franchise to sell new Model 12s equipped with Hydro-Coil. The guns sell for \$227.50 each, the same price as a new Monte Carlo Trap gun with walnut stock and without Hydro-Coil.

Next month Cycloac Hydro-Coil kits will be available through sporting goods shops for three other 12-gauge shotguns—Browning's Superposed over-and-under, and Remington's Model 870 slide action and Model 58 automatic—as well as for Remington's Model 742 automatic rifle. Shooters who require various stock measurements will be able to get the Cycloac stocks altered with Hoge's compact stock bender, which he will sell to gunsmiths starting next month. Equipped with a powerful heating unit, the stock bender fits around the pistol grip of the Cycloac stock. By heating the plastic until it is pliable, a gunsmith can raise, lower or turn the stock in or out.

If Hydro-Coil does a satisfactory job of reducing shotgun recoil, it does a sensational one on powerful big-bore rifles like the 338, 375 and 458 magnums, which deliver a much more violent punch to the shooter. Hoge expects to manufacture Cycloac Hydro-Coil stocks for several popular big-game rifles by the end of the year.

For the occasional shooter, or the competitive shooter who fires steadily for hours, Hydro-Coil should be a welcome relief. It will appeal immediately to trap and skeet shooters, particularly youngsters, women and elderly people who suffer most from the shock of recoil. It probably will be accepted even by stubborn shooters who silently endure recoil on the range and then proudly wear their black-and-blue marks afterwards.

Orders are already pouring in, but Hoge is not sitting back. He is perfecting his latest invention—a butter-dispensing machine. "No hands will touch the butter," says Hoge. "You just push a plunger and a pat of butter drops onto the plate." Next year it will be butter instead of guns.

END



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That is best decided by the people involved. If they agree perfectly, the answer will be something like, "Just long enough." This is unscientific, but satisfactory.

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Against a background of cabalistic symbols, a coach points his team toward the



Photograph by Robert Roper

by VINCE LOMBARDI
with W. C. HEINZ

*On the days separating the Sunday games, a professional football coach is planning, drilling and worrying. All week long he goes over the plays, elucidates them to his team with sharp talk and vivid diagrams, then rallies and cajoles the players to try to make the plays work as well on the field as they seemed to on the blackboard. On Sunday—the day of the game—all the coach can do is hope that the lessons have been learned. “You can’t apologize for a score,” says Lombardi (left), coach of the Green Bay Packers, in his book, *Run to Daylight*! to be published on October 15 by Prentice-Hall, Inc. With his collaborator, W. C. Heinz, Lombardi details almost hour by hour the six days of preparation for a crucial game last season—the tough physical work, the lecture sessions with chalk, notebook and pencil, the medical problems of the team and the psychological problems of players who are always, and sometimes controversially, in the public view. The following is taken from the book.*

After breakfast on the Sunday of the game, I look out the window and the sky is low and the air is loaded with moisture that has condensed into droplets on the shrubs and the lawn.

Later, as I drive across the bridge at De Pere, the first drops of rain hit the windshield. This is not going to help us a bit, but it is not going to help them, either.

If we are going to take it right to them, I think, let’s do it on the first play. The first time we get that ball, go to their strength, and if that’s where we’re going our Brown Right-73 might be the one to open with at that. I like it, come to think of it, because there is no doubt about that middle linebacker of theirs being a great one and the sooner we go to work on him the better. What I like about it now is that it will give us at least two people on that middle linebacker. While I don’t think we will discourage him, we should, if Jim Ringo and Ron Kramer both get good shots at him, force him to be at least a little concerned. That could help.

Except for half a dozen cars parked up by the entrance to the dressing rooms, the area is empty, and when I walk inside it is 10:25 and only Hank Jordan is there, getting out of his jacket in front of his dressing stall.

I look around the room at the stalls, each with the name card and jersey number on it, each with the gold helmet and shoulder pads above it, the gold pants hanging inside on the right, the green jerseys and blue warm-up sweaters on hangers on the left, the floor

continued

DAY OF THE GAME

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DAY OF GAME *continued*

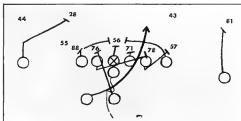
of each stall covered with six or eight or 10 pairs of football shoes at \$23.50 a pair.

Earl Gros and Gary Barnes are undressing and in the trainer's room Ed Blaine and Ron Gassert, our two other first-year men, are standing on the tables and having their left knees taped by Bud Jorgensen and Dominic Gentile.

The veterans are coming in now—Forrest Gregg and Dave Hanner and Jim Ringo—and Hank Gremminger is getting out of his street clothes in front of his stall.

"You give the doctor another workout?" Ringo is saying to Hanner.

"That's right," Hanner answers.



"What's the matter with you?" I ask Hanner.

"I felt hot and cold yesterday," he says.

"Did you go to the doctor?"

"Yes, sir. Then last night I went to bed at 8. I woke up at 10 sweatin' like anything, but I feel better today."

I hope, I think, I hope you do, and I hope Jimmy Taylor walks in saying he feels better, too.

"How's Jim?" Ringo says. "Anybody know?"

"He says he had 101," Hanner says, "but he says he's gonna play."

I walk into the coaches' room. Red Cochran is holding his dark blue Packer blazer in his left hand and, with his right

hand wrapped in white tape, the adhesive side out, he is brushing lint off it. Phil Bengtson is talking to Norb Hecker about yesterday's UCLA upset of Ohio

State, and Bill Austin is on the phone checking with the airport about the weather.

"It could be off and on," he says when he hangs up. "Light rains all afternoon. The wind is east northeast, 10 to 12 knots. That's about 12 to 15 miles an hour. That's surface winds, and they're different up higher."

"That's not the way the flags are blowing out there," Phil says.

"They're liable to be any way out there," Bill says.

I am sitting at my desk and still thinking about our Brown Right-73 for our opening play, and I take a yellow lined pad and I diagram it:

What I still like about that play, looking at it on paper now, is that it really goes to work on that middle linebacker. Ringo sets him up with a drive block for Ron Kramer, who releases from his tight-end spot and comes across and bull-blocks him. Taylor fakes up the middle and then takes that big 76 at right tackle. It's a tough block for Jerry Kramer on that 76 at left tackle, but if they give Paul Hornung any daylight and his thigh is all right he should go. Another nice thing about it, too, is that it is a good influence play on their left end. Forrest Gregg pulls across his face, making him think the play is going outside, and when it goes inside you've got that trap on him.

I'm looking at our ready list now, in its plastic envelope, the right formations on the one 8 x 11 card, the left formations on the card on the other side.

The running plays are listed above the holes where they are designed to go, the passing plays are listed below, and I jot down half a dozen plays, any of which could be logical calls in our first sequence, depending on the result of our 73 and the reaction to it.

"How's Taylor?" I say to Gene Brusky as I see him walk in.

"He had 101 last night," Gene says. "It's normal this morning."

I walk out then and find Jim Taylor.

"Jim?" I say. "How do you feel? The doctor says you're going to be all right."

"I hope so," he says, and I hope so, too. He is one of those performers who has to be emotionally up and I'm hoping not only that the fever hasn't drained him physically but also that it hasn't defeated him psychologically.

"Jim? Bubba?" I say, and I get Ringo and Bubba Forester, our two captains, together. "If you win the toss, receive. If we have to kick off, take the north goal."

In the coaches' room Cochran is copying the ready list into a pocket notebook. I change into slacks and pull on a pair of white woolen socks and the ripple-soled coaching shoes.

"All right," I say, "I want the quarterback in here."

"Bart! Johnny Roach!" Cochran calls as the others leave the room.

When Starr and Roach come in they sit down at the table, with Cochran standing behind them, and I sit down across from them.

"Generally," I say, "your sweeps should be to your left. As far as your pitchout is concerned, I'd use 48 to the left side. When you're going for short yardage you know you can expect the 6-1, so you use those short-yardage and goal-line plays we've been working on."

As I look at them they are intent and nodding. "Now for our first play let's try the 73. That's whether they're in the 6-1 or 4-3 or whatever they do. O.K.?"

"Yes, sir," Starr says.

They get up and leave. At 12:15 I put on my topcoat and transparent raincoat over it. I walk to the door of the dressing room and look at them. They are now in uniform and wearing olive-green

rain jackets and dark blue knitted skull caps. All of them are waiting.

"Let's go!" they shout, and they clap their hands in unison and they start filing out. Their cleats make the sound of hailstones hitting the concrete and, as I follow them out and look up, the rain, still light and hesitant, hits my face.

With Bengtson and Austin and Dick Voris I follow them out onto the field. The stands are about two-thirds full. We head for the far end zone and I stop and pick a couple of tufts of grass and stand there and throw one up and then the other. Right now the wind is not too strong and out of the northeast. If we lose the toss and have to kick off we will stay with the north goal.

In the far end zone Ringo and Forester are leading them in calisthenics. Behind me I hear the roar from the stands and I turn and see the other team, in silver and white uniforms, coming out, down the ramp and out onto the field. I search the other side of the field until I find him, that other coach, my counterpart, and I walk over.

"How are you?" I say, and we shake hands.

"Fine," he says. "You?"

"All right," I say. "We drew a rotten day."

"We can't do anything about that."

"I'm sorry about the condition of the field, though," I say. "We've had rain most of the week, and they had a high school game here Friday night."

"I understand," he says.

"Well," I say, "good luck, and I'll see you."

"Thanks," he says. "The same to you."

As I turn I see that the referee is bringing over No. 56, that great middle linebacker of theirs. All week, day and night, he had been invading my thoughts, and I have put in that opener just for his benefit. Now we shake hands. Ringo and Forester have joined us. Then I leave, and I'm aware that the light rain seems to have stopped.

"We won the toss," Ringo says when he and Forester come back. "We receive and they have the north goal."

"Good," I say.

continued



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I walk down to where Austin and Bengtson have the offensive and defensive lines facing one another. They are reviewing assignments. It is now 12:45. We have been out half an hour, so I send them in, follow them up the ramp and into the dressing room.

When they are all seated in front of their stalls, facing the center of the room, the other coaches and I leave them and go into our room and shut the door.

It is 10 minutes to game time, and these three minutes that will follow, with just the squad members alone in the dressing room, is something I started when I first came here in 1959. I was reaching for anything then, any method that would give them a feeling of oneness, of dependence upon one another and of strength to be derived from their unity, so I told the captains that before each game this period would belong solely to the players.

I do not know what is said in that

room. I know that Rango or Forester, or perhaps both, speak, and that if someone else wants to say something he does. I know that at the end—and this is completely their thought and desire—they all join in the Lord's Prayer.

Someone knocks on our door and the other coaches and I walk back into the room.

Now I have 7 minutes, and I walk among them. I walk to the center of the room, and I'm running through my mind those notes I made on that small pad. I start out by going over, for the offense, the automatic we're going to use, the plays our quarterback will call on the line when he sees that the defensive alignment will negate what he called in the huddle, and I stress our 36 and 50.

"Now, we're going to receive," I say then, "and we've got the south goal. Remember that this club puts their speediest men as third men out from each side and they must be blocked. They

must be blocked, so let's take them out of there. Let's impress them, all of them, right on that kickoff.

"I don't have to tell you," I say, "about the importance of this ball game. You know as well as I do that you're meeting today the top contender, and that no one can win it now but you. For two years these people have been on our necks, but if you beat them today you'll be making your own job easier for the rest of this year. For you to do it, though, is going to require a top effort. You know the spirit with which this other club is coming in here. You know that they think they can beat you, that they've said they will. That's why I say it's going to take a top effort.

"And now," I say, "I want you, all of you, to know this. Regardless of what happens today this is a team of which I am proud. Regardless of the outcome today I'll still be proud of you."

"Let's go!" they shout, standing, and

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they bring their hands together in unison again. "Let's go! Go!"

There is the roar of the crowd again, the faces and bodies bordering the walkway. There is the jam-up going down the ramp, and we stand, waiting amid the shouts, for the P.A. announcer to introduce the offensive team.

"At center," he says, the sound of his voice filling the air, and Jim Ringo runs out onto the field through the V formed by the cheerleaders and the Green Bay Lumberjacks' band. "No. 51—Jim Ringo! At right guard, No. 64—Jerry Kramer! At left guard, No. 63—Fuzzy Thurston! At right tackle . . ."

We coaches follow the rest of the squad out, Austin, Bengtson, Voris and I. Now the names in the air are those of the other club's starting team, and then Ringo and Forrester are walking out to the center of the field for the reenactment of the coin-tossing. When they come back the roar from the stands is beating down in waves around us and I am in the middle, crouching, with the squad pressing in around me. "Go out there and hustle," I tell them.

They break then and our kickoff-receiving team runs out to my right. From the other sideline the other team is peeling out of its huddle. And now that nervousness which I have forestalled, which I have learned to control up to a point, starts to come.

I watch the referee's arm come down and then I hear the whistle, and to my left that line of white shirts and silver pants and helmets moves forward and I see that ball rise. Then I see our team start to form, and I glance up and see the ball again, it is high and going deep. In our end zone Tom Moore is moving back for it, and I hope he doesn't run it out. He catches it and touches it down.

I watch us come out of the huddle and, when our line takes its stance, I can see we're in Brown Right with Taylor lined up behind Starr and Hornung to the left. I'm watching that middle line-backer now and I can't hear Starr because of the crowd's roar. I see us start and Starr pivot and that middle line-backer, that 56, held by Taylor's fike into the middle. Now I see Ringo, coming out of there, driving that middle line-

backer and then big Ron Kramer hits him high and from somewhere someone else—it's 78, Norm Masters—gets a piece of him and that middle line-backer goes back a good five yards, and now he's on his back.

As I look for Hornung and the ball it's all over. They have started to unpile and it appears to be on the 24-yard line. We picked up only four yards and we should have got more, but I'll settle for what we got and the way we handled that 56.

Once more I can't hear Starr's count, but I can tell from the length of it that he's going to an automatic, an audible check-off. We are in Blue Left inside, with Ron Kramer lined up to the left in slot position, and this should be our 36. If it is it involves that do-dad—with Ringo, Fuzzy Thurston and Bob Skoronski, and with Ron taking that end in the direction he wants to go and Taylor running to daylight either outside or inside that end.

He runs inside now as Ron takes that end out and Thurston puts a great block on that big left tackle, that 76. He drives him back and to the inside, but in addition to being big, that 76 is a real football player. Taylor is through the hole, but 76 recovers and hauls Jimmy down after an eight-yard gain.

We are in Red Right and it is our 50 and I can hear those shoulder pads pop and Hornung picks up seven yards right up the middle before that 71 frees himself from Jerry Kramer's block and makes the tackle.

Now we are in Blue Left inside. If it's our 61 it is also designed to go up the middle, but that 71 wants to come inside, as we told Kramer he likes to do, so Jerry takes him where he wants to go and Taylor runs it to the daylight outside of him and carries six yards and it's another first down. It has started to rain again.

We are back in our Red Right. Starr is dropping back now, to pass for the first time, and it is our backs divide, with Taylor going out to the right side and Hornung to the other. Jimmy, though, is picking up that left line-backer, as

continued



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DAY OF GAME *continued*

we told him to do when that man blitzes. I look downfield and Max McGee is wide open but Starr throws to Hornung in the left flat and the ball is off Paul's fingertips.

Starr is dropping back again. It is our 6-pattern, and Taylor swings to the left and McGee goes down the left and gives the right defensive halfback a good fake to the outside and then goes inside. He is out there and Starr throws. Max makes a fine leaping catch and now it is first and 10 and we are down on the other club's 41.

We are in our Red Right and, as we come off the ball, that middle linebacker and their right linebacker blitz. It is our 51 with Taylor, though, and when the middle linebacker blitzes it becomes a trap on him. He gets a hand on Jimmy but Jimmy is by him and then he bounces off somebody else and he is going . . . going . . . and he is down to their 14 before somebody stops him.

That's how sick our Jimmy is, I'm thinking. It was a great effort, and now we go into Blue Right and somebody breaks through and throws Hornung behind the line.

It's our 37. It's Taylor, driving for that 7 hole off Gregg's outside shoulder. But there's a pickup. Somebody closed that hole and Jimmy made only a yard.

Now we're in Red Right. In their 6-1, when we go into Red, their middle linebacker will line up to his left, opposite our fullback, and that's where he is now.

"Weak side sweep," Austin says.

It starts to the left and the tackle takes the end. Hornung has to take the right linebacker but that man reads the play and moves to the outside and it is a tough block for Paul. As Taylor tries to cut he loses a step when his left foot slips on the wet turf, and their inside pursuit cuts him off and we lose a yard.

"Lew!" I'm hollering to Carpenter because I want to rest Hornung for a field goal. "Go in for Paul!"

It is third and eight now, and we are in Blue Right. Starr fakes our 37 to Taylor and rolls out to his right. Ron Kramer is running a corner pattern to the right and Starr spots him deep in the end zone and throws. Ron appears to have his man beaten, but the ball is

overthrown. We come 80 yards and miss by an inch.

"All right, Paul!" I say. "Let's go! Field-goal team!" I am thinking. Let's get three, at least, now. Let's make ourselves big out there and let's get at least three.

We get the three. Hornung puts it right between those posts, but we still should have had seven.

Hornung kicks off high to them, and almost immediately we have the ball back. Now we're on our 43 and in Red Right and here it comes—that backs divide—and they're blitzing again. Hornung takes that linebacker, as I just told him, and Max cuts off his route and he's open. Starr hits him over the middle for 10 yards and another first down.

Beautiful, I'm thinking. That's the way to play this game, and now . . .

"Wait a minute!" Bill Austin says.

"Penalty. Offside."

"Who?" I say.

"Us," Bill says. "I don't know who it was."

That's the way to play this game? You scheme and adjust and it works, then an offside costs you 15 yards. Now we fake our 49 and Ron Kramer comes around from tight right end and it's the reverse. He didn't slip when he made his cut on that practice field in that rain on Wednesday, but now he slips and we lose four, and we're back on our 35 and it's second and 19.

Ron Kramer makes a great leaping catch over the middle now and we're third and eight. We go into our double wing for the first time.

"Double wing!" their middle linebacker, that 56, is hollering. "Double wing!"

So it's no surprise to them, but as Hornung moves into the slot, in a position to go out on a quick pass, it's going to force their weak side safety, who has been playing the middle zone, to play him. The rest of that defensive secondary will have to be more inside conscious, and they won't be as strong to the outside, either.

It fails, though. After a good outside feint Ron Kramer runs in zig-in, but it takes him too long to make his break to the inside and by then those two tackles

I've been worrying about all week, that 71 and that big 76, overpower Thurston and Jerry Kramer and drop Starr for an eight-yard loss.

Boyd Dowler punts dead on their 21. They can't move, but when we get the ball back, we give it to them on our 42. Fumbles, fumbles! We've got these people pinned and they still haven't made a first down, but a penalty costs us 15 yards in one drive and a fumble takes us out of another, and now they're on our 42 and it's a gift.

Their quarterback is dropping back into his pocket now, but Willie Davis has his man beaten and he's forcing that quarterback out of the pocket. Somebody else takes a shot at Willie, but he pivots off.

Willie runs over a third man but that quarterback is circling to his right now and he picks up 13 yards before Bill Quinlan comes across from the other end and drives him out of bounds on our 29 as the quarter ends.

The teams have changed goals and are to my left now. Their quarterback hits his split end for nine yards and he rolls out of bounds on our 20. Their fullback picks up three and a first down on a slant, but when they give it to him again he makes only two when Hank Jordan gives his guard an inside move and goes outside to make the tackle. They fake to the fullback and hit the left halfback for five yards to the 10. It's third and three now, but Forester cracks through on a blitz and drops their quarterback, before he has a chance to unload, on the 18.

They place the ball down on the 25. I see the passback, the two lines collide, the kicker's foot comes forward. The ball starts to rise but there are two green shirts through there, arms up, and the ball is bounding back behind their kicker. There is a scramble for it, as the roar comes out of the stands, and there is another green shirt—71, that's Forester—covering it on our 36-yard line.

Taylor, in two tries, picks up a first down, but we lose three on a swing-4 delay pass to Hornung. On our 61-quarter trap we catch the two linebackers blitz-

ing up the middle and their tackles going to the outside and Thurston and Ringo pick up the blitzers and Taylor goes for eight. On third and five and backs divide with Hornung delaying. Dowler runs his R turn-in, and he beats that 81 and makes a leaping catch and we're on their 36.

"Holding," Bill Austin says. "On us."

"Who?"

"I don't know."

So instead of being first and one on their 36 we're third and 27 on our own 30. Now we're in Red Left and Starr is dropping back. It's supposed to be our fan circle, L and R cross, but when he can find nobody open Starr pulls it down and starts to run to his right. As Jerry Kramer cuts in front of him to block one of those white shirts Starr shifts the ball to the other arm and there's a collision and the ball is loose and their 71 is on it on our 34.

I watch their quarterback drop back and Willie Davis is in there again. He runs right over his blocker but that quarterback gives Willie the straight-arm now and he's around him, running to his right down the far sideline and he's down to the six.

First and goal on the six. What kind of a day is this, anyway? They are lining up weak side to the left now and we're in 4-3. They give it to their left halfback again on a belly play and he goes to his left and outside, and they give him good blocking, and he scores. I've got to admit it. It was a fine call and beautiful execution, but don't we deserve better than this? They kick the point. And don't we deserve better than being down 7-3?

Tom Moore takes their kickoff on the seven and brings it back to the 33. There is still time in the half. We work the ball into their territory. McGee runs an L drag-in, and as Hornung clears the area deep, Max breaks in and Starr hits him, and we've got a first down on their 26.

"Tom Moore!" I say. "Go in for Paul, and run the 79-option."

"Yes, sir," he says, running out.

We go into Brown Right and I watch. We come off the ball and Moore has it, swinging to his right. Our guards are pulling and it looks good. Their left safety

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DAY OF GAME

coming up hard and their left halfback is playing it for the run, too. Boyd Dowler's down there, open, heading for the end zone, and Moore slows now and throws. I watch the flight of the ball, and it's no good. It's short. It's underthrown, behind Dowler, and their weakside safety, racing across, makes a great extended catch and falls into the end zone with it. The half ends soon after. We should have them at least 14 to 7, I'm thinking, walking across the field and up the ramp—at least that.

The defense has taken the far end of the dressing room, their chairs grouped in front of the blackboard. The offense is seated facing the other way, and the trainers and clubhouse boys are circulating, the trainers with tape and the clubhouse boys with water and towels. Bengtson is briefing the defense, Austin is talking with the offensive linemen about cross-blocking against a weak side over-shift, answering questions, and Cochran and Tom Fears are with the backs and receivers, going over what the other people's defensive backs have been doing on their coverage.

"Five minutes!" the official calls from the door.

The defense gets up and moves to the front of the room. The offense remains seated and I walk around and face them and wait for the room to quiet down.

"All right," I say. "We've made our mistakes, but that's all over. That's out of the way and done with. Let's remember this, though. They will make mistakes. We'll force them. So let's go!"

I follow them out and as I cross the field the last members of the band are filing off, and I'm aware it is still raining. And now let's not give them a long runback, I'm thinking as I watch us line up to kick off. They don't and we finally get the ball on our own 22.

"4-3!" Austin is shouting.

Dowler makes a diving catch over the middle and we're first and 10 on our 37. Taylor picks up two, but Starr throws behind Max McGee and Max is screaming about interference. Starr is rolling toward me now. It's our 4-X switch and Dowler makes a great leaping catch. With that left halfback, 81, on his back,

he rolls over, gets up and drives for two more yards.

We've got the first down on their 41. On our swing delay Taylor picks up their blitzing weak side linebacker and Ron Kramer takes the strong-side blitz and McGee beats his man on a down-and-out and it's another first down. We're on their 27.

All right, I'm thinking, we've got that momentum back now. We're in Red Left and that middle linebacker moves to his left with Taylor, as we said he would. It is Horning on our 51, but the play is taking a little too long to materialize and that big left tackle has 75 pounds on Jim Ringo and finally overpowers him and makes the tackle on the 23.

Now Horning is swinging to his right and it's our 49-option and I look down toward the end zone. This time Ron Kramer is open, but this time it's Horning who underthrows and the left linebacker, that 57, makes a great leap and intercepts and brings it out to the 39 before we get him. A little later they have third and four on their own 45. This is a big one—all these third downs are getting to be big ones now—and we've got the blitz on and we make him hurry his throw to his tight end and he misses. They kick and Willie Wood calls for a fair catch on our 20.

Let's not die here now, I'm thinking, a few plays later when things are going our way and we go into Brown Right. It's third and three on our 36 and Taylor runs to daylight outside the halfback's block on the right linebacker and it's going to be close. They bring out the chain and measure. We've made it.

Starr is dropping back, looking toward Ron Kramer. McGee has gone down the left side about 20 yards and, when he makes his cut to the inside, the right halfback, playing him tight to the outside, cuts with him. They are a close pair, bumping, and as the ball reaches them Max is falling. They're both falling, and the ball has bounced off someone's hand and it's still in the air. The right safety is coming in for it now, and he has it. I see one green shirt go down

and then another, and their man is back deep in our territory before Tom Moore knocks him out of bounds. The referee has called time and Jim Ringo is with him, pointing downfield. Their middle linebacker and a couple of others are protesting, but the ball is coming back. We're getting it, and it means a first down on their 40.

And now let's take it to them, I'm thinking. While they're still upset let's take it to them. It's Jimmy Taylor on our 39-loss. He gets a great block by Jerry Kramer pulling and by Tom Moore, and he runs away from one man and pivots around another, and we've got a first down on their 30. McGee runs a perfect L-zig-out and Starr fires it right into his hands and we're on their 12. We run a power play, our 47-drive, with Hornung back in for Moore, and he picks up five. We've got a second and five on their seven, and we're in great shape.

"Tom!" I say to Moore. "Go back in for him. Let's run that 36 from the Blue Left, and let's go all the way."

I watch us go into the Blue Left now, Hornung to fake inside or outside that right end of theirs. This is the one we need. I see those lines charge and the hand-off to Moore, but some white shirt is in there. Some mud-covered white shirt is in there and we lose a yard.

It's third and six now and Starr is faking our 36 and dropping back. McGee is running the L-V-out and has his man beaten but he runs out of field and it goes out of the end zone.

"Field goal!" I say. "Let's go!"

Paul makes it as the quarter ends. We're still down 7-6 though. They're a tough ball club, especially inside their own 10. We knew that, but I thought we could handle that right end on our 36. That leaves us one quarter to do it now.

After our kick, they move the ball down to our 37 and it's fourth and three. They line up to try a field goal. Again I watch the passback. The lines collide. I watch the kicker take his steps and the ball rise. It's going . . . going . . . deep enough, but it's wide to the left.

We have the ball on our 20 and we go into our double wing. They blitz strong and weak and Starr throws to

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DAY OF GAME *continued*

McGee on a quick turn-out for a first down on our 30. He hits Ron Kramer on a perfect fan right R turn-in for 15 yards on our 45. The next call is a great one. They're in a 4-3 zone and Starr calls our swing pass inside delay. Ron Kramer takes the left linebacker wide. Taylor takes the middle linebacker to the left. The right linebacker plays McGee deep. The right halfback plays him underneath. The right safety goes deep in the hole. Dowler takes his left halfback and the left safety deep and Starr finds Hornung all alone over the middle on a delay for 13 yards and we're on their 42.

They're blitzing again, but Taylor picks up the man on his side and Ron Kramer takes the left linebacker. The protection is perfect and downfield to my left McGee has his man beaten deep. Starr's pass is short, though, wobbling, and McGee can't get back for it.

With fourth and eight on their 40 and less than four minutes left I'll settle for a field goal and a two-point lead. I don't like it, but I'll have to settle for it.

"Field goal! Let's go!"

But Hornung's kick is not good. It squirts off to the right, short.

We've got to hold them down there and go for that ball. If we don't force a fumble we've got to force them to kick. Their left halfback picks up five yards before Ray Nitschke nails him. On a draw Bill Quinlan and Hammer throw him for a two-yard loss, but on a pass to the tight end in the right flat they pick up the first down on their 34.

They try a Sweep left but they don't get Bill Quinlan out of there and he holds their halfback to one yard. Now their quarterback is rolling to his right, toward me, but with Don Currie playing it for a run and with the receivers covered we force him to throw it away, over our sideline.

"Big one now, Big Green!" someone behind me is shouting. "Big one!"

It's big all right. It's third and nine on their 35, and if we don't give them this one . . .

Their quarterback is dropping back again. Their split end has squared out, running toward our sideline, not more than five yards to my right, and he makes

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DAY OF GAME *continued*

a diving, sprawling catch, an almost impossible catch, as he hits the ground.

He made a beautiful catch, his right hand between the ball and the ground, and it was right here in front of me. I can't kick on this one, and they've got a first down on their 47.

"Two minutes. Vince," Bill Austin says. "Vince?"

I look up and see the referee signaling to me, two fingers of his right hand extended. I acknowledge him, and watch them come up to the line. Their fullback makes three yards on a slant before Currie stops him, and we call a time-out to stop the clock.

They try a weak side sweep toward the other side, but Nitschke and Whitenton, coming up fast, throw the halfback for a yard loss. Now it's third and eight on their 49 and we call another time-out. There is 1:46 left, so if we can hold them here we should get their kick, at the very worst, on our 20 with about a minute and a half left.

Forester has come over to the sideline. Bengtson is talking to him on our 43-yard line.

"Let's remember this is the line they've got to cross," he's saying. "They need eight yards, so let's play them for the nine-yard pass. Let's go now!"

I watch him run back out. I watch the other people come out of their huddle and go into Red Right, the flanker to the right and the tight end split about three yards. This is our last chance now. If we don't stop this one we'll never get that ball back. They are going to pass. Their quarterback is in his pocket, their tight end stays in and blocks and their flanker has come down about 10 yards and is turning in right in front of me. He sees Gremminger coming up from left safety to play him on the inside. He tries to turn out now, and his left foot slips. I see the ball pass his outstretched hands and then I hear the thop sound it makes as it hits Herb Adderley's hands, and he's got it. He's got it, and he's racing right by me now, down our sideline.

"Where is it?" I say, and I look at the clock and there is just over a minute remaining.

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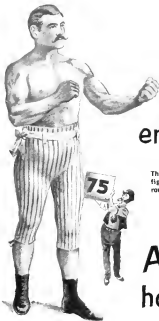
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DAY OF GAME *continued*

"About their 18," somebody says.

"Keep it on the ground, and run it in front of the goalposts. Try to waste as much time as you can before the field goal. Let's go."

"Yes, sir," he says.

On our sideline they're pounding Adlerley on the back now as our offensive team goes in. They go into Brown Right and we run our 65 and Hornung picks up two yards off right tackle. From our Red Right, Taylor makes three on our 51 off right guard, and I look at the time again. There are 36 seconds left and we're right in front of those posts. I signal for a time-out and they call it.

"O.K.," I say. "Field-goal team! Be big out there! Let's go!"

I hear the whistle and they're lining up. The ball is on the 13, and Starr is kneeling on the 21, and we've got 1.5 seconds from the passback to the kick. That's all you need. Hornung has measured his steps now. On that last attempt he was reaching for the ball and hit it too high, and that's why it was short and squirted to the right. Let's plant that left foot straight this time and lock that right ankle and...

I see the pass come back and Starr turning the ball as he puts it down. The lines have risen, struggling, and Hornung takes his steps and his foot comes forward. The ball is rising, up over the arms, and it's high enough and absolutely true and goes into the end zone stands. I see the referee's arms fly up in the signal.

I feel empty. After all these years in the game, going back to when I was a kid, I still feel empty, and I look at the scoreboard and it is up there—Visitors 7, Puckers 9—and I look at the time and there are 33 seconds left.

They bring Hornung's kickoff back to their 26. On their first pass Willie Davis gets up off the ground to tackle their quarterback as he lets the ball go and it's second and 10 and there are 17 seconds left. They go for the long one to the flanker but he has no chance on it, and there are 12 seconds left.

Another play. It ends.

"Wow!" Bill Austin says, and we shake hands.

I'm walking across the field. The crowd

starts to come down out of the stands now. The air is filled with noise. I'm looking for the other coach. Finally I spot him and he sees me.

"Congratulations," he says, putting out his hand.

"Thanks," I say, shaking hands. "It was quite a ball game."

"Yes," he says.

Neither of us can think of anything else to say and we part. I walk up the ramp, through the crowd calling to me and into the dressing room with its own noise.

"All right!" I say, raising my voice, and the room quiets down. "That was a great team effort! It was..."

I can't go on. My voice has broken and I can feel my eyes filling. They know me and they know what is happening and they start to cheer...

Afterward, as I drive down through the parking area and out onto Oneida Avenue, I am thinking: When we have our regular 2-minute drill on Thursday, I'll make it 1:35 instead. That's all the time we would have had if they hadn't passed and if they had been forced to kick on fourth down I'll give the ball to our offense on our 20 and I'll say, "All right. It's last Sunday. They're ahead 7 to 6 and we've got one time-out left and there's a minute and 35 seconds remaining. Let's go."

Our defense will be even tougher to beat than theirs because they know our plays and they've got their pride too, and they played a great game today. If the offense takes it down there within field goal range and Hornung kicks it again it will be just what they need. It will be just what offense needs because they're feeling now that we had to have that interception to win, and I've got to get them out of that. I've got to make them believers.

I've got to make them believers, I'm thinking, and then the problem all week will be to get them up again, all of them, for next Sunday. After this, how will I ever get them up again for next Sunday?

That's what I'm thinking now, turning off Oneida Avenue in the traffic. Then for the first time I feel the fatigue coming, the tiredness coming all over me.

END



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BASEBALL'S WEEK

THE PLAYER Last year Dick Ellsworth of the Chicago Cubs did more throwing in the clubhouse (spikes, cap, glove, chairs) than on the mound. At this stage of the 1962 season, the big (6 feet 4) young (23) left-hander had 17 losses (he eventually wound up with 20) and a 5.03 ERA. Now he has 19 victories, an ERA of 1.99 and is the most improved pitcher in the major leagues. Most of the credit can go to a new pitch, the slider (which he learned with the help of teammates Larry Jackson and Bob Buhl), better control of his curve and fast ball (which he learned from Pitching Coach Fred Martin), and better control of his temper (which he learned from Dick Ellsworth). Funny thing Ellsworth has noticed: he can't sleep as well now as he did last year when he was losing "I generally get only an hour or two of sleep the night before a game," he says. But even with circles under his eyes, Ellsworth is on his way to the first 20-victory season for a Cub pitcher since Hank Wyse in 1945.



DICK ELLSWORTH

THE TEAM Out of the anguish that was 1961, the Dodgers extracted a quiet determination that they would not make the same mistakes in 1962. Last week, as the Reds and Giants, still unbelieving, came to pry the Dodgers loose from the league lead, that determination began to show through. Cincinnati won two games—but that was all. The Dodgers prevented a disastrous sweep when Pete Richert came through with brilliant pressure pitching and Frank Howard hit a two-run homer. Then came two big wins against the Giants (see page 70), Sandy Koufax winning his 20th game in the opener and Don Drysdale his 17th the next night. This gave L.A. a commanding lead over the Giants and Cards. With a month left in the season, it seemed that the Dodgers, for the third time in their history, would have two 20-game winners. But there was a reminder that even this does not assure a pennant. In 1924 Dazzy Vance won 28 games for the Dodgers, and Burleigh Grimes added 22. In 1951 Preacher Roe won 22 games and Don Newcombe 20. The Giants, not the Dodgers, won both the 1924 and 1951 pennants, but this is another bit of history the determined Los Angeles team intends to ignore.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

THE WEEK	W	L	RA	OPP RA	RUNS	OPP RUNS	SB	ERA
CINCINNATI	4	1	253	205	24	17	2	3.49
MILWAUKEE	4	1	216	253	27	12	4	2.45
LOS ANGELES	4	2	205	227	25	17	5	2.23
CINCINNATI	3	2	251	201	17	18	1	4.48
WASHINGTON	2	3	240	257	18	25	1	5.06
PHILADELPHIA	2	3	230	277	22	26	1	4.46
PITTSBURGH	2	3	272	251	22	26	1	5.03
ST. LOUIS	2	3	254	238	23	24	1	3.64
SAN FRANCISCO	1	4	231	271	24	4	2	5.24
NEW YORK	1	4	256	264	12	19	0	3.79

THE SEASON*	RUNS PRODUCED	HITS	HOME RUNS	1962	1961
LOS ANGELES	T. Davis 313	T. Davis 347	124	91	
ST. LOUIS	White 362	Green 327	132	104	
SAN FRANCISCO	Wynn 331	Wynn 353	129	103	
MILWAUKEE	Arnesen 327	Arnesen 365	154	103	
PHILADELPHIA	Gonzalez 327	Reyer 254	123	97	
CINCINNATI	Prepper 321	Prepper 377	144	95	
CHICAGO	Shirley 319	Smith 362	132	113	
PITTSBURGH	Clemente 314	Clemente 336	95	93	
HOUSTON	Spanghan 304	Spanghan 317	93	50	
NEW YORK	Hunt 29	Hunt 129	122	81	

THE PLAYER Everyone was ready with an excuse for Bernie Allen. The Minnesota second baseman was not fielding and hitting as well as he should because he was overweight, some said. Allen shook his head. He was worried about the arrival of his first child, others said. Allen shook his head again. Perhaps the former Purdue quarterback should have tried professional football instead, someone suggested. Allen glared. But for a full month Bernie Allen sat on the bench. Finally given a chance to play two weeks ago, he began hitting and fielding in his 1962 style. Since his return to the lineup Allen has hit .432 and has been superb in the field. Included in his dozen hits last week were two home runs, and in the first game of a showdown series for second place with Chicago, Allen drove in three runs in a 5-3 victory. Instead of making excuses for him, people are again comparing Allen to Hall of Famer Charley Gehringer—which is about as nice a compliment as a second baseman can hope to get.



BERNIE ALLEN

THE TEAM Most of the season the Minnesota Twins have been hitting home runs as if they had invented the long ball, yet they have found themselves dropping further and further behind the Yankees. Last week, with hope all but gone, the Twins finally discovered a solution to their problem: hit even more home runs. In five games they hit 19, an American League record. It began against the long-suffering Senators, when Harmon Killebrew and Bob Allison crashed one apiece. In the next game it was Allison, Don Mincher and Jimmie Hall. There was a two-day layoff and then, in a doubleheader, the Twins started to swing. Killebrew hit three, Hall two, Vic Power two, Bernie Allen two, Allison, Rich Rollins and Zoilo Versalles one each. Eight of the home runs were in the first game, tying another record. Back in Minnesota the next night, Killebrew and Allison homered again. To give Manager Sam Mele one of the most relaxing weeks of his life, the Twins also got good pitching from Camilo Pascual, Lee Stange and a newcomer named Dwight Siebler, who threw a three-hitter. What made the Minnesota pitchers particularly effective was that they gave up only three home runs all week.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

THE WEEK	W	L	RA	OPP RA	RUNS	OPP RUNS	SB	ERA
MINNESOTA	5	1	270	318	21	19	5	2.56
DETROIT	5	1	250	218	42	18	0	2.67
CHICAGO	5	2	281	227	29	17	5	2.71
NEW YORK	4	2	275	263	16	8	1	0.82
WASHINGTON	3	3	240	311	23	34	2	5.52
BOSTON	2	4	307	286	34	36	1	3.44
CLEVELAND	2	4	265	307	27	37	4	4.35
BALTIMORE	1	3	312	264	8	12	8	3.30
KANSAS CITY	1	4	338	268	13	25	8	5.02
LOS ANGELES	1	4	321	303	18	18	2	3.72

THE SEASON*	RUNS PRODUCED	HITS	HOME RUNS	1962	1961
NEW YORK	Tuck 326	Richards 346	176	119	
MINNESOTA	Allison 324	2 with 337	150	99	
CHICAGO	Ward 323	Ward 344	83	98	
BALTIMORE	Robinson 313	Robinson 337	125	125	
DETROIT	Kalish 308	Kalish 356	172	122	
CLEVELAND	Alfonso 307	Alfonso 330	154	126	
BOSTON	Leach 302	Yastrzemski 354	126	125	
LOS ANGELES	Wagner 306	Pearce 347	132	82	
KANSAS CITY	Stehle 300	Quast 338	103	89	
WASHINGTON	Holmes 286	Gentry 347	120	117	

* Through Friday, August 30

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

TENNIS WITH DENNIS

Sirs:

Congratulations on the thrilling and far-fought story on Dennis Ralston by Jack Olsen (*His Own Menace*, Aug. 26). Dennis has grown overnight from a petulant teenager to a top menace to all opponents. When I saw him fight into the semis and finals of the National Clay Court Championships last July without giving the grandstands the slightest reason to suspect that the whole palm of his racket hand was blistered as raw as an uncooked steak, I concluded for the first time that Dennis Ralston had matured.

RALPH WESTCOTT

Twain Lakes, Wis.

Sirs:

You spoke of Dennis Ralston's courtesy and thoughtfulness. I had an opportunity to observe this 10 years ago when he was just a lad. It was in Bakersfield, Calif., and a tennis meet for youngsters was in progress. In the doubles matches, both boys' and mixed, Dennis drew partners who were not at all experts in the game. He would have done better if he could have played the entire court by himself. But I was impressed with the way he drew his partner up beside him, gave counsel and advice and directed the play in the most efficient and kindly manner.

RAYMOND F. BILLEVY

Tallahassee, Fla.

Sirs:

While I am as patriotic and loyal as the next fellow, I feel these two young men, Chuck McKinley and Dennis Ralston, are vastly overrated. They were very fortunate to win this year's American Zone Davis Cup semifinals against a superior but unlucky Mexican duo of Rafael Osuna and Antonio Palafox. Osuna thrashed McKinley, America's best, in singles. Only when Osuna was under the handicap of fatigue could Ralston beat him. Palafox, although not in Osuna's class, could easily have beaten either American had he played better. And Osuna and Palafox, for my money, are still the best amateur doubles team in the world.

D. CHASE

Encino, Calif.

Sirs:

Dennis Ralston might be less of a menace to himself if he cut down on his intake of sugar and caffeine. "Coke by the quart and ice creams by the gallon" could key up any sensitive person's nervous system in a way I have seen many times in my patients.

BERNARD D. ROSS, M.D., Ph.D.

Fort Pierce, Fla.

THE CAMPERS

Sirs:

Your item "Back to Nature" (*SCORECARD*, Aug. 26) is an outrage. The criticism that "only a tiny minority of those who visit the parks realize that they were set aside as nature sanctuaries to be preserved forever in their pristine state" is a falsehood. You state that there are too many car campers who douse campfires with kerosene or toss underwear into pools, etc. This may be true with some, but certainly not a majority. Instead of reducing the number of campgrounds, the Park Service should increase it. As a car camper of five years, I have seen very few violations of park rules.

EARLE E. JACOBS III

Hamden, Conn.

Sirs:

The necessary task of preserving our wilderness can be done in two ways: 1) seal it up now and deliver it intact to the future (whenever that is) or 2) use it with respect now and keep it well for the future.

The first way seems to be that used by the National Park Service (Department of Interior). You say that the space for car camping will be reduced though "backpack campers will be welcome." Actually, even the backpackers have cause for complaint. Last week in Rocky Mountain National Park, I gladly left an already criminally overcrowded car camp and made my way up to the high country only to be told not to take shortcuts or build fires except in the two camps for which I had permits. At one of these I stayed five days—a tiny campground whose sanitation facilities were insufficient to say the least and whose wood supply was beyond a swamp or way down the trail. This while all around, as far as I could see in each direction, there was seads of room.

In contrast, I had spent a week earlier in the summer backpacking as a guest of the Forest Service (Department of Agriculture), which seems to be operating the second way. Specifically, I was in Idaho's Sawtooth Wilderness Area. There I wandered at will, selected my campground from numerous undeveloped camping sites and built my fire by choice (though with extreme care). Although I had previously written to the district ranger, who had given me sound recommendations, the superintendent of Rocky Mountain National Park had not even answered my similar letter to him, still I sensed a glorious freedom in the pristine forest and did my best to keep it that way.

WAYNE D. WARDWELL JR.

Parma, Idaho

GOOD NIGHT HAND

Sirs:

Why did Robert Creamer, in his story on Alvin Dark (*Crossing the Delaware with Alvin Dark*, Aug. 26), have to apply the unwarranted description "the best night-handed pitcher in baseball" to Juan Mari-chal? An avalanche of letters from all the indignants Broglio, Drysdale, Herbert and Maloney fans is inevitable. And the Face-Radatz controversy might even flare up again. The fact is that despite a mediocre record with this year's weak Detroit club, Jim Bunning is still the best rightly going.

PAUL JONES

Windsor, Ont.

Sirs:

Bill Monbouquette is the best

WAYNE MCCALLLEY

Old Fort, N.C.

THE PRICE OF DUCKS

Sirs:

We were very grateful for your enthusiastic review of the Department of Interior's new waterfowl identification guide, *Ducks at a Distance* (*SCORECARD*, Aug. 19).

However, I think it only fair to inform your readers that most of the 900,000 copies which we sent to our Fish and Wildlife Service field offices for free distribution have already been exhausted. Copies of the guide are now available only from the Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C. at 25¢ each. Clubs and groups can obtain a 25¢ discount on all orders of 100 or more.

DWIGHT F. REYER

Washington

MOUSEKETEERS

Sirs:

Ed Graham has put my mind at ease (*On the Trail of a Hero*, Aug. 26). As I am now 18, I was beginning to wonder if idolizing Mickey Mantle at this stage of my life was abnormal. However, just knowing that a man in his 30s feels the same way will give me peace of mind for at least 12 more years.

RICH CLEMENS

Westwood, N.J.

BACK TO BLOCK

Sirs:

Carleton Mitchell's article on the cruise of the *Favourite* along New England's coast was absolutely marvelous (*East of the Race and West of the Cape*, July 22). I dream of the day that a first-rate writer-sailor will take a good ship on a slow journey down the Atlantic islands, Maine to Florida, and

continued

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15TH HOLE (continued)

write a book about it. Mitchell obviously is the man to do it.

Having spent too-brief segments of my summers on Block Island for several years, I can add one or two interesting points of history to his tale. According to the ladies of the historical society there, Verrazano, the explorer for whom the Verrazano Narrows off New York City is named, was the first man to chart the island. Evidently he was not so thoughtful as to provide a name for it. This was a good many years before Adrian Block anchored off Maricao. Block never actually came ashore. When a small number of relatively prosperous men and their families came out to settle the island in the middle of the 17th century, they apparently did so to escape the strictness of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. They named the island New Shoreham, after a town in England, but the name didn't stick, except officially. How could it, against Block?

In the case of the wrecked ship *Polaris*, truth has been so clouded over by legend that no one is ever going to be able to determine exactly what happened. It seems certain, however, that there were a few survivors, and they were taken in by the Block Islanders. Many died on the island, exhausted by their ordeal. One survived, however, a woman called Dinah Katten or Long Kate. She was something of a mystic, and a good deal of island superstition is traceable to her. Her great-grandson was the official greeter at one of the hotels Mr. Mitchell speaks of. Among other things it was his task to transport residents of the hotel down to the excellent ocean beaches by oxcart. This was during the latter part of the 19th century.

However, it was a fascinating article and much too short. We want more.

CONRAD SQUIRES

Brooklyn

MAIL-ORDER GUIDE

Sir:

I was most interested to read Mr. Dave Grube's letter, "Love Call for Curly" (1991 HOA, June 10), concerning the scarcity of curly-coated retrievers in the U.S. and his difficulties in locating a mate for his own curly. Has he thought of importing a wife for his dog? Here in England we are keeping the curly flag flying with a membership of 35 in the Curly Society and 67 curly-coats registered with the Kennel Club in 1962. They are a wonderful breed, as Dave Grube and anyone else who has owned one knows, highly intelligent, most handsome and such faithful friends. They deserve to be much more widely known and bred.

Incidentally, I have a beautiful litter of pups just now by one of our show champions and a field-trial winner.

SHIRILA HARRISON

Cheltenham, England



How to Become a Champion Muck Crawler

by BIL GILBERT

Getting-ready games are a parasitical genus of recreational activities which infest all minor-minor or way-out-in-left-field sports. (For example, Shrew Breeding, a relatively uncomplicated minor-minor, has two officially recognized, demanding getting-ready games: Baiting the Shrew and Shrew Tanning.)

In the 1930s my family set out to play the left-field sport of Archery Golf. A predilection for minor-minor sports taints our line as degeneracy marks the Jukes. A gaggle of aunts, uncles, cousins, in-laws and fiancés congregated for economic reasons (they were all broke) on the shores of a shallow Michigan lake where in easier times my grandfather had bought and developed a sandy quarter section. It was a halcyon time for minor-

minor sports. We had iceboaters, frog-giggers, aquatic croquet players, rock hounds, lawn bowlers, a badger buster and a black bear tamer, among the more describable left-fielders.

Initially we had one archer, my Uncle Bryan. At that time archery was still sufficiently minor to appeal to my kin, and we commenced the necessary getting-ready games. We hewed the Osage orange and hickory, dried the wood, shaped the bows, tipped the arrows, collected the feathers and braided the bowstrings. Somebody's boyfriend was on a Jack London jag and read that the finest bowstrings were woven from human hair. Immediately a squad of uncles set out after a pale, timid second cousin, a girl distinguished only by a luxuriant swatch of

hair that hung to her waist. The clash between the child's mother and the avid fletchers was awesome. The girl escaped unshorn, but the experience so unsettled the mother that she fled to San Diego, taking the crowning glory with her.

By spring everyone had a bow, or rather bows, target bows, hunting bows, ladies' bows, junior bows, bows to use when the wind was from the northwest, hot-weather bows. Shortly, however, the joys of shooting at targets, water snakes, spawning carp and duckboats began to pall. Then somebody (no one ever confessed) heard about or conceived Archery Golf. Archery Golf is a straightforward left-field sport. From tee to green the player uses a bow and arrow instead of a golf club and ball. On the green a ball

continued

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Muck Crawler *continued*

is substituted for the arrow, and the player pulls out. We had, Lord knows, the bows and arrows and also putters and golf balls. All that we lacked was a golf course, but there were a lot of those about. However, as reports began to come in describing the stubborn reluctance of greens committees to permit Archery Golf, it became apparent that getting a golf course was the principal getting-ready game of this sport. Eventually the owner of a poorly played public course agreed to allow early-morning Archery Golf. We played there only once. The fourth green was masked by a sharp, woody dogleg. An Archery Golfer has no problem getting loft on his shots. The first foursome elected to play over the trees, and all let fly at once. Rounding the turn, they found an elderly, early-rising realtor on the green encircled by quivering shafts. He was unhurt but an arrow had penetrated his golf bag.

"Sorry," shouted Bryan. "Take your time—we didn't mean to rush you."

My relatives saw they would have to create their own golf course. There were 60 acres of abandoned sheep pasture behind the lake cottages. The original intent was to outline two or three areas more as archery ranges than regular golf holes, but somehow we ended up with a

rade but recognizable nine-hole golf course. Interest immediately flagged in archery, and the course was turned over to conventional golfers. For 15 years the course rode on our backs like a great seed-and-fertilizer-devouring elephant. After the war the golf course was sold and subdivided into a housing development. Its demise was unaccompanied by all. It does seem though that someplace, perhaps on the garbage cans which now stand on what was the third green, there should at least be a plaque commemorating the site of one of the most formidable getting-ready efforts in the history of minor-minor sports.

Turtle Racing was another family left-field sport. For Turtle Racing a ring is drawn (20 feet is the official diameter). The entries, none with more than a three-inch shell span, are contained under a dishpan at the center of the circle. On signal the pan is removed and the first speedster to cross the ring is the winner. We had a permanent, banked track on the beach. Big-time operators had screened paddocks at the water's edge. Shoestring owners stabled their stock in washbasins and goldfish bowls. Painted turtles were the most dependable breed. Snappers were sulky and box turtles slow out of the gate. Leatherbacks were swift but so carnivorously inclined that often when the starting pan was lifted they would be found gnawing on the leg of another entry. We trained running turtles on grass frogs. Frog meat develops



stamina, and by dropping a frog into their stall we could give our charges a brisk morning workout. This, of course, was the derivation of the game of Frog Pounce. However, the truly ferocious getting-ready game of Turtle Racing is Muck Crawling. Good racing turtles do not inhabit sandy beaches or crystal pools. They live in rank, murky swamps. To get them you must Muck Crawl.

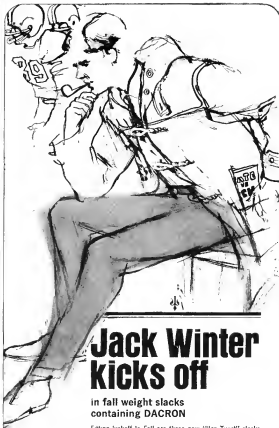
The making of a Turtle Racer and a Muck Crawler out of Woody, a lakeside neighbor, illustrates several common getting-ready pitfalls. Woody was a sculptor from Chicago who rented a cottage just south of our family compound, adjacent to our turtle track. Every evening all of us who were not watching the golf course gathered for a 20 or 30 race card. The action might not have impressed Nick the Greek, but it was spirited. One evening a bottle of Scotch, a tricycle, a Monopoly game and nearly \$12 changed hands.

One night Woody asked if the field was open. He was welcomed. Then he asked to borrow an entry. When it is considered that my sister once got a fairly watertight canoe for Red Star, a prized painted turtle, it is understandable that we owners reacted as Horace Stoneham might if Phil Wrigley asked for the temporary use of Willie Mays.

"Well, where do you get them?" Woody asked peevishly. "Just pick them up?"

"That's it, just pick them up," we

unleashed



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said, avoiding his trusting eyes

Woody began to neglect his chisels and clay to wander along the lakeshore looking for turtles. He found only spined snappers, and it cost him a case of beer to learn how inadequate these beasts were. He might never have advanced (or sunk) further had he not struck upon one of the soundest of all getting-ready plays: sneakiness. One afternoon Woody tailed a featherbrained cousin to the edge of the mosquito-unfested swamp that lay half a mile inland from the lake. My cousin was getting ready to Muck Crawl, stripping down to sneakers and shorts when Woody came up.

"Is this where you get those mud turtles?" Woody asked, looking distastefully at the oozing stew of humus and rank water.

"Well, sort of," my cousin admitted. "How about catching me a couple?" Woody asked ingratiatingly.

My cousin was stupid but not crazy. "Suppose I caught you one that beat mine. Uh-uh," he said. This cousin was also too good-hearted to be anything but a mediocre getting-ready gamester. "I'll show you how you can catch them, though," he told Woody. A saucer-sized turtle, well over the legal racing size, was sunning on a log 50 feet out in the swamp. My cousin slipped into the mire and made an easy stalk. He lay down and inched forward, propelling himself with his elbows and toes, with only the top of his head showing above the slime. When the turtle made a break, my cousin leaped and fell forward, submerging in the swamp but pinning the turtle down

under his chest. He came back, bringing the beast to show Woody.

Woody eyed my cousin, who, after releasing the turtle, had begun picking leeches from his legs. "Do all of you get turtles this way?"

"Yeh," said my cousin. "Well, grandma doesn't but she catches grass frogs for Peggy and she gets her turtles."

Whatever minor torment he went through, the result was that Woody became a Muck Crawler and eventually assembled a respectable stable of racing turtles. In fact, he became addicted to Muck Crawling, developing a compulsion to slither through swamps even when he no longer needed turtles. Muck Crawling permanently colored his view of artistic reality. Bogs have influenced Woody's sculpture as markedly as owls have Picasso. His most ambitious piece is a lump of bronze called *Two Turtles in the Spatterdock Ponds*.

Careful study of Woody's trials and the other cases reported here will enable the novice to comprehend the general laws of getting-ready play. Stated in nontechnical language, these are:

Every minor-minor sport has getting-ready games, the play of which invariably scars, frustrates and humiliates the player. Getting-ready rules are as vague as a Sibylline prophecy. Beginners often do not see getting-ready games or regard what they do see as inconsequential. Experienced players do not tell new players how to play or even what is being played. Veterans take miseries-loves-company pleasure in watching a rookie fall on his face. Getting-ready

games are addictive. Since this play has no proper beginning, ending or scoring system, a player who once commences is in mortal peril of never quitting.

Mastery of these fundamentals gives a player a tremendous initial advantage in all getting-ready games. For example, assume that in the current issue of *Actual Factious*, The Magazine of Reality for Men, there is an essay, *How I Hunt Deer with a Cheetah*. The subtitle is "Little Known Thrill Sport." The novice minor sport who is inflamed by this article immediately begins to contemplate the distant Everest, the exaltation he will experience in company with his hunting cheetah. Thus, after all, it is all that the article describes. Inevitably, adopting this approach, the beginner will end up being treated for either cheetah bites or paranoia.

The veteran left-fielder who reads and is equally startled by this piece will resolutely refuse to think about the ultimate objective, hunting with a cheetah. He will begin dispassionately to examine the proposition in terms of getting-ready play. The subtitle "Little Known" indicates that he is dealing with a legitimate minor-minor sport. The nouns and pronouns, "I," "cheetah," "deer," hint at a series of fierce cooperative getting-ready games. How, for example, do he, a cheetah and a deer meet, and how does each learn his proper role? How and where do cheetahs occupy themselves when not hunting deer? Do cheetahs get carsick? State Police and cheetahs? Expertly the veteran identifies the obvious getting-ready games of this minor-minor: Safari Play, Cheetah Crating, Worms and Cheetahs, Knitting (cheetahs wear red stocking caps during their training period), Cocker Spaniel Dodge, Managing a Deer Herd, Hade the Cheetah, and Seek the Cheetah.

The canny veteran now assumes the classic first position of getting-ready play. Physically, intellectually and spiritually, he extends his hands and gropes forward as though working without a lamp in a deserted mine shaft. It is an awkward stance, and proceeding in this manner it may take a decade before he becomes a Cheetah Hunter. However, this is the only position which can be recommended. Such a posture gives the minor-minor sport at least a fighting chance of reaching his objective without being mangled in the hard getting-ready play that inevitably awaits him. **END**



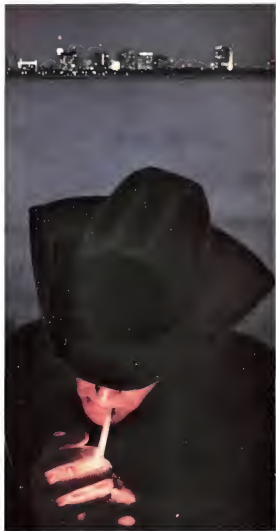
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